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RUSSIA STILL PLAYS a colossal role in the world-struggle between human values and property values. After seven years in which the Soviet Government has repelled the combined attack of the Western Powers and consolidated its power at home Mr. Hughes still so hates the ideas upon which it rests that he refuses it even de facto recognition. One after another the other Western governments have yielded; even England's Tory Ministry, after winning an election on the anti-Bolshevik issue, is treading in Ramsay MacDonald's footsteps and seeking to negotiate a friendly treaty with Russia. Within the vast frontiers of Russia, meanwhile, a process of adaptation to capitalism is going on. How far that process will go we do not yet know. Russia is too enormous for easy prediction, and its economic backwardness as well as its potential economic wealth makes comparison with the course of other European countries meaningless. In the process of creating a people's republic on the ruins of Czarism there has come bitter injustice, but of this we are sure: Russia is hated in the West not because of occasional outbreaks of cruelty, but because of the ideals which her rulers have steadfastly followed. Here for the first time in history are dictators determined to destroy their power by educating the masses. And it is because we know of no land where men have suffered so much for so striking an ideal that *The Nation* dedicates this, its third Russian number, to Soviet Russia.

SPEAKING OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, one of our friends in New York City received the following card through the United States mail:

JUST A REMINDER

We are still doing business from Columbus 0000, where we are ready to serve you as we have in the past.

FOR SERVICE AND QUALITY

CALL COLUMBUS 0000

1 case lots	$13.00	25 case lots	$11.50
5 case lots	12.50	50 case lots	11.00
10 case lots	12.00	100 case lots	10.00

Thanking you for past favors and a continuance of same, we are,

Very truly yours,
THE UNITED WHOLESALE DEALERS SUPPLY CO.,
JOHN KELLY, President.

We were curious enough to call this enterprising company on the telephone—we withhold the number only so that it shall not be flooded with orders—and were assured that its gin was entirely reliable, that its champagne was of the best (at $65), and that while it was temporarily out of whiskey that would soon be remedied. All of this in the City of New York, in which millions of dollars are being spent for law enforcement and every official responsible for the enforcement of our laws and Constitution swears until he is black in the face that everything possible is being done to suppress bootlegging and bootleggers!

WE ARE PROFOUNDLY INTERESTED in the rumors that a determined effort will now be made in the South to break away from the political shackles which have chained the manhood of that section to the Democratic Party and have virtually prevented it from playing a worthy and useful role in the political life of the nation. While the ostensible purpose at present is the formation of a financial and industrial bloc to back President Coolidge, we hope that it will lead in other directions as well. One of the most striking statements that came out of the South during the campaign was that of Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder of Spartanburg, S. C., president of Wofford College and one of the foremost educators of the South. After attending a Democratic campaign meeting he declared that the South would soon have an independent political party. "All thinking men," he declared, "are coming to this viewpoint. When we have to sit and to listen to such stuff as we heard at yesterday's [Democratic] campaign meeting—with not a constructive idea advanced—we are confirmed in the opinion that the time for another party is at hand." The La Follette vote in the South, which approximated 100,000, is further evidence of this desire for a third party—for nowhere in the South was it possible to undertake any real organization work for it or to raise any money with which to campaign. In Louisiana 5,000 votes were cast, although there were no electors printed on the ballot. Indeed, there were many signs that, as the South can for historical reasons never vote for the Republican Party, its eventual freeing may yet come from a third party without a past but with a future.

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THIS STIRRING IN THE SOUTH finds another expression in editorials in the *Journal of Social Forces* by its editor, Howard W. Odum, which are striking in their frankness and plainness of statement. Dr. Odum declares that the South is not thinking enough or learning enough or reading enough or working enough or leading or following enough, and that it is too proud of its non-progressive fundamentalism. He dwells particularly upon its lack of knowledge concerning social situations and the social sciences and quotes a Southern leader who recently declared that "we must deal fairly but firmly with anarchists, bolshevists, socialists, *and sociologists*" as proof of the ignorance of men who ought to be informed, since they are in high places. With this joyous person are classed a senior bishop who declares that the Child Labor Amendment is "unadulterated bolshevism" and a legislator who has just proclaimed that no man needs more than three books, the Bible, a hymn-book, and an almanac. Naturally, Dr. Odum dwells upon the evil influence all this has upon the creative impulse in the South. The lack of interest and appreciation of Southern writers has long driven men of talent into the North when they ought to be leaders within their communities. These are refreshing utterances which Dr. Odum has penned, for they are in themselves evidence that the South is awakening and applying to itself the first precept of reform, which is "Know thyself."

AFTER ALL THE HULLABALOO about getting out the vote we learn that only 52.8 per cent of the eligible voters actually cast their votes in this year's American election. It is a figure which would shock Great Britain or Germany or France, but it is greeted with enthusiasm here because it marks an increase of 3.7 per cent over the minority vote of 1920. An analysis of the figures compiled by the National Association of Manufacturers reveals even more shocking data. Only 8 per cent of the eligible voters in South Carolina voted; only 10.1 per cent in Georgia and 10.8 per cent in Mississippi; and the figure is below 20 per cent in Louisiana, Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, and Texas. Yet all of these States where the blacks are disfranchised and the whites do not bother to vote have their full representation in Congress. In virtually all of these Southern States the vote was even smaller this year than in 1920—only in Mississippi, and in Texas, where the governorship fight called out the voters, were there slight gains. Indiana tops the list with a turnout of 83.2 per cent; Kansas follows with 80.3 per cent; and in West Virginia, Minnesota, North Dakota, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, and Missouri also more than two-thirds of the voters voted. The States which showed the largest proportionate increases as compared with 1920 were Kansas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Wyoming, but in general the percentages follow, roughly, the order of 1920. Today only two States cast as large a proportion of the possible vote as the whole country cast in 1896. Disfranchisement in the South and apathy in the North are still at work.

TO SEE OURSELVES as others see us is not only difficult but at times extremely unpleasant. If any of the one-per-cent literate Persian women or five-per-cent literate Persian men happened to read the New York *Times's* editorial on the Persian indemnity they would surely smile. Vice-Consul Imbrie, it will be remembered, was killed by a fanatical mob. Details about the incident were confused; some blamed Major Imbrie for exposing himself and others blamed the Persian authorities. Our State Department demanded the death of the murderers, $60,000 indemnity, and reimbursement for the expenses incurred in sending a man-of-war to Persia to bring back the body of the murdered man—and Persia met the demands. It cost $110,000, it seems, to transport the body from Persia to Washington, and we heartily approve the State Department proposal to use that amount to establish scholarships in this country for Persian students. But to make such an act a pious label to cover our whole diplomatic procedure is a little too much. The *Time's* editorial said:

> It must seem a strange sort of requital to an Oriental mind which still demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life.

We were, indeed, establishing scholarships—but after we had demanded *three* lives for one and in no uncertain terms. Actually we are saying to the Persians "Be careful and touch not an American; three lives will be demanded for one American."

IS ENGLAND IN INDIA starting on the path trod in Ireland under the Black-and-Tan regime? It is a hideous thought; but the appointment of Lord Birkenhead as Secretary of State for India coupled with recent events in Calcutta point in that direction. Fifty-six Swarajist leaders have been arrested. Coercion has been revived. English papers maintain that a revolutionary conspiracy in Bengal could have been broken up in no other way. They state that since July five attempts have been made to assassinate high officials, and that ordinary courts of justice could not operate because the Swarajist militants terrorize the witnesses. Hence the arrests and the request for additional legislation similar to the old Defense of India Act. But there is already in force an act under which revolutionaries may be arrested by order of the executive and kept indefinitely in jail without being brought to trial. This is now held inadequate. The new act is similar to the hated Rowlatt Act, which was finally repealed. It provides for closed trials before three commissioners, from which there is an appeal to the High Court; the accused is told the nature of the evidence but no names are disclosed; the statement of a person before a magistrate is admitted as evidence, though that person be dead, lost, or incapable of giving evidence. If Swarajist militants terrorized witnesses before, this act certainly will not stop them. But what else will it do? It might be well for Great Britain to stop and ask.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN has a pungent and a fearless tongue. At the annual dinner of the *Harvard Business Review* last May he wittily denounced the commercialism of America and of the universities, as typified in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The United States, he said, "is a mill that turns everything into business—love, art, leisure, science, innocent recreation, and religious contemplation are ground up into business packages and marketed as soon as nature—prodigal, unabashed, procreant nature—produces them." Whereupon he read passages from a business-school pamphlet upon Mr. Wrigley and his chewing-gum. Harvard, he said, is tending to merge the university into State Street and Wall Street. It must have been as exciting an annual dinner as

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the *Business Review* is likely ever to have. Now Mr. Chapman is on the war-path again, this time because of the fact that James Byrne, a Catholic, is a fellow—a member of the governing board—of Harvard College. He objects that "the outspoken purpose of the Roman church is to control American education," says that this "is one of the larger issues of our epoch," quotes Cardinal O'Connell's recent expression of doubt as to the character of instruction at Harvard, and adds that "liberalism presupposes freedom of discussion and under present conditions of Protestant speechlessness the presence of a Roman Catholic on the governing board of a non-Catholic college or school makes it impossible for the board to discuss this great issue frankly."

HARVARD'S OTHER SIX fellows will be amazed to learn from Mr. Chapman what they have suffered from Mr. Byrne. Mr. Byrne has been on the board for more than four years, and it is probable that some of his fellow-members had forgotten that he was a Catholic, just as they are probably uncertain of the church connections of others. Mr. Chapman's Ku Klux doctrine is ridiculous. It is doubtless true that some Catholics would like to control the public-school policy of the country in the interest of what they conceive to be a truer education. It is also true that a more active educational menace to this country comes from certain Protestant groups which have actually forced the legislatures in several States to prohibit the teaching of evolution—a length to which, so far as we know, the legislature of no Catholic country has yet gone. The most potent bigotry in this country is Protestant. We do not mean to argue that all Methodists should be barred from the governing boards of all universities because some Methodists advocate statutory bars upon the process of education. Let the universities continue to select their trustees, as they have done in the past, on their individual merits without inquiring into doctrinal beliefs. If there is a Catholic menace to education in America it is in the existence of a separate educational system over which the general public has no control. That, too, is paralleled by a separate educational system of private schools for the education of the children of the rich. The remedy for both evils lies in the development of the public-school system. When that becomes flexible enough to make private experimental schools unnecessary and so excellent that those who miss it will lose thereby, worry over the private schools will vanish.

EVER SINCE Hendrik van Loon warned us of the danger to American artists from clever foreigners who manage to pass Ellis Island we have kept our eyes open, and his fears seem amply justified. Hundred-percenters will note with horror and alarm that the $13,500 novel-prize offered by Dodd, Mead and Company, the *Pictorial Review*, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been won by Miss Martha Ostenso, a young school-teacher of South Dakota, and that her history confirms the worst suspicions aroused by her name: Miss Ostenso was not even born in America. If our American writers know which side their bread is buttered on they will not stand tamely by and see their infant literary industry strangled by foreign competition. They will establish friendly relations with Mr. Solomon Stanwood Menken and see what can be done to stop this flood of foreigners with creative imagination. Surely we need to add another test to the list of those to which our would-be immigrants are subjected. For the sake of our writers no one should be allowed to enter who cannot prove complete and incurable illiteracy.

BY AWARDING THE 1924 NOBEL PRIZE in literature to Wladislaw Reymont, a Polish novelist none too well known either in America or in Western Europe, the Swedish Academy proves once more that it is interested in authors for other reasons than their measure of international fame. An Irishman of 1924 might ask: Who is Wladislaw Reymont? But a Pole of 1923 might have asked who William Butler Yeats was, and a Scandinavian of a few years ago might have had to investigate the identity of the poet Carducci, who instead of the better known D'Annunzio was chosen out of Italy to receive the prize. There is significance perhaps in the fact that Reymont is the author of a series of novels dealing with Polish peasantry and in effect reviewing the history of Poland; in other words, he is a national novelist. Certain generalizers about literary law will thus be confirmed in their belief that greatness begins at home, that international reputations must in the nature of things flower out of local soil. The only question is whether the committee at Stockholm is not liable to grave error when it declares that a given local genius has claims upon the world. Bernard Shaw has never been granted the Nobel prize, yet his works of their own momentum have taken two continents; and no Russian has been recognized in the face of the fact that Gorki and two or three others are known everywhere. The American public will be given an opportunity this winter to read "The Peasants" and decide for itself about Reymont. In the meantime one may wonder if the prize at present does not owe its prestige largely to the association with it of a few names like that of Anatole France.

NO BRAVER ADVOCATE of the truth than Edmund D. Morel, whose death has been reported from London, ever walked this earth. In 1904 he put all humanity under obligation by his revelations of the atrocities in the Belgian Congo—had they been revealed eight years later Belgium would not have had the sympathy of the world in her struggle against Germany, for no blacker crimes were ever committed upon helpless human beings than those perpetrated by the Belgian officials in the Congo. To set them forth required unending determination and no little personal risk on the part of Mr. Morel. When the war came on Mr. Morel was not one of those who was fooled, for he determined to find out facts for himself, and the researches he made into the origins of the war and into the diplomacy leading up to it convinced him that his country was as guilty as Germany or anybody else—in fact, he thought more so. In the face of tremendous public feeling he published facts all through the war and maintained an opposition to the struggle which led to his being arrested and imprisoned for six months. A founder of the Union of Democratic Control and of *Foreign Affairs*, which he edited with great ability, he defeated Winston Churchill at Dundee in the election of 1922, and when the MacDonald Government came in he was appointed liaison officer between the British Foreign Office and the League of Nations. Always Mr. Morel faced abuse and calumny with complete fortitude, allowing nothing to swerve him from his purpose of uncovering the crooked diplomacy of the past in the hope of preventing disasters in the future. The world can ill afford to spare such a man.

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Shall the Progressives Organize?

TO us it seems ridiculous even to ask this question. The Progressives who fought for the election of La Follette and Wheeler *must* organize. Their speakers and their candidates gave most solemn pledges during the campaign that the movement would not end with the election or defeat of the ticket. Senator La Follette since the election has publicly declared that he has only just begun to fight. We cannot believe that he means to ignore what has been done or to resume his fight within the Republican Party, which Theodore Roosevelt so correctly characterized as "a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey." We are aware, of course, that many liberal-minded people supported the Democratic ticket and that they live in hopes that it can be made the weapon of progress which they desire. That, as we have pointed out, seems to us an impossible dream. We are, therefore, happy to record the news that the Progressives have already organized permanently in Ohio, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and that a first organization meeting has been held in New York.

Definite organization of a national party will, of course, have to be postponed until the convention called for January by the Committee for Progressive Political Action. That committee is the creation of the railroad brotherhoods to whom belongs the honor of leading in this whole movement; out of deference to them no other step will be taken until their convention has decided whether it will go on or not. Should it decide not to, then the work of organizing nationally must proceed through the several State organizations with representation on both a geographical and occupational basis. But, so far as we can learn, the brotherhoods are anxious that the movement continue. Their headquarters are in Cleveland and there the movement is in a strong position, since La Follette carried that city. There they propose to capture the City Hall and then move on the State Capitol. One of the difficult questions which will arise at the coming Cleveland convention is as to the respective roles to be assigned to the several elements in the movement. Labor should, of course, be the nucleus and take a leading, though not the dominating part. We cannot feel that all its leaders are sufficiently educated politically, and politically trustworthy enough, to take the lead. What place the Socialists will take is for them to say. They fought well for the ticket, showing loyalty everywhere and a readiness to subordinate themselves. The Farmer-Labor organizations of the Northwest, too, must receive every consideration. They have done years of hard work, and despite their defeats because of the Coolidge landslide they are strong and vigorous, and they are the only opposition to the Republicans in Minnesota and in North and South Dakota.

While the enemies of the movement are insisting that it will be impossible for such diverse groups to work together, we can see little trouble in the way if only the fine spirit of cooperation which marked the campaign, with the exception of the conduct of certain of the American Federation of Labor unions, can be maintained. More difficult it seems to us will be agreeing upon a platform. What is needed is the adoption of five or six fundamental principles rather than a long platform with numerous planks. The platform-makers at the convention which nominated Mr. La Follette laid aside four hundred requests for additional planks. Obviously, a long program will hurt and not help. But there are certain deep-lying policies and principles which, once stated, carry with them their own connotation, such as, for instance, the conservation of national resources and government control of them and of superpower. We ourselves wish that the coming platform might contain an out-and-out free-trade plank; it must at least contain Grover Cleveland's winning issue of a tariff for revenue only, and it must be unequivocal in its declarations for peace, disarmament, and the complete reversal of our anti-imperialistic policies in the Caribbean and elsewhere. With these fundamentals agreed upon, specific issues to be taken up at any particular time or place may well be left to the future. It is not difficult to state briefly the real issue which confronts the American people, which is whether special privilege and the favored few shall rule America or not. Despite the election, we have confidence that more people than ever before now realize the true nature of the struggle and that they will join a third party at once if they can be convinced that it is sincere and honest in its warfare upon the powers that control this country, upon that "invisible government" which Woodrow Wilson denounced but failed to destroy.

But how is the campaign to be financed, we hear our readers asking? We believe that the State organizations can raise at once modest budgets for the carrying on of permanent headquarters with a few paid officials. Then as the organization grows it should of course be put on a dues-paying basis. There is an enormously important work to be done by pamphlets and by speakers to educate the American people politically, and even if a permanent organization should prove impractical at the present time we should still advocate the setting up of local headquarters to serve as propaganda centers and to prepare for permanent organization in a later campaign. Liberals must realize the enormity of the task before them and see how much more difficult it will prove than the educational work which led up to the successes of the British Labor Party. We have no such background and knowledge in our labor movement as they had, and the mere geographical size of our country makes it enormously difficult to inform the electorate.

The alternative is to do nothing; to assume a purely critical position and resign ourselves to the present mastery of the country by big business; to delude ourselves with the hope that some time, somehow, from somewhere will appear a leader to revive the not-to-be-revived Democratic Party—in other words, to acquiesce in the chains that have been laid upon us. That is a position which surely no patriot of liberal persuasion wishes to assume. Tremendous strides in popular education and in organization can be taken during the next four years if only the necessary money can be forthcoming. Probably nearly five millions of Americans wished to vote, or did vote for the La Follette ticket; there can be no question that the bulk of them are ready to go on, or that they afford a wonderful nucleus, not only in numbers but in enthusiasm, earnestness, and readiness for change, for the organization that must be undertaken if America is not to drift along indefinitely until it comes face to face with a movement extreme in its desires and extremely dangerous in its methods.

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Uncle Sam as Air Boss

AVIATION today is so bound up in the public mind with armaments that its value to society as a speedier medium of communication and transportation is overshadowed by its utility as a war machine. This tendency is apparent in the movement for a national code of air laws and the many bills introduced into Congress during the past five years which have urged legislation as a means of building up our air defense. Air laws are unquestionably needed in this country, but this constant appealing to nationalistic fervor and the use of such slogans as "building up our air defense" has obscured the civil worth of aircraft.

No one who has seen the French, British, German, or Dutch air lines in operation can question the importance of aviation in the every-day life of any country, regardless of what military value it may have. Air liners, on regular daily schedule, connect Paris with the important cities of all Europe, as far east as Warsaw and as far southeast as Constantinople. The English Channel air lines operate as regularly as the steamers. The German air lines connect Berlin with Moscow, the Baltic States, Scandinavia, Holland, and Great Britain.

The fact that most of these air lines are government-subsidized may be disregarded, for whether subsidized or not they have reduced Europe to about one-third its pre-aviation size, and today no two cities are separated by more than a daylight airplane flight. The possibilities here are even greater with our wide expanse of territory, ranges of mountains, and lack of customs barriers. Our aerial mail has shown what aviation can do in shattering distances.

Not too much is asked of Congress in urging the passage of the Winslow air bill. Its main object is (1) to provide through a proposed Bureau of Civil Aeronautics for uniform federal supervision of safety inspection of aircraft and airdromes, with regulation of the qualifications of aircraft crews, and the establishment and enforcement of air-navigation rules; (2) to furnish aid to air navigation by approving and charting air routes, establishing air light-houses and signal stations, supplying suitable weather reports, and providing at the government fields, in cases of emergency, supplies and repairs at their fair market value.

Like most of its unsuccessful predecessors the main object of the bill is to provide for federal regulation of air navigation. In theory we have a Congress whose business it is to provide laws regulating and promoting commerce and industry, but here we have an operating system of communication and transportation, covering the entire country, even if spasmodically, and involving the lives and property of the general public without even the beginning of national regulations. There is no working code of air laws in the country today, no air routes or weather reports for airmen, no government terminals excepting military fields, although there are 124 aerial companies and 162 private airports, with some 1,200 airplanes in operation, covering over three million miles during the past year, carrying 81,000 passengers and 208,302 pounds of freight.

The United States is the only large country in the world today without national air legislation. As for the need of air laws, in the past three years there have been 470 crashes, resulting in 221 deaths. These crashes have been due to unairworthy machines, errors in piloting, lack of terminals, routes, and weather data. Government reports attribute 91 per cent of all the accidents to the itinerant fliers who operate without a fixed base, "through inexperience and the use of cheap and unsafe equipment." The itinerant fliers—the "gipsies"—on their part insist that they are the real pioneers, covering the most remote corners of the country, roughing it most of the time over uncharted courses. Yet no one denies that regulation of air traffic would reduce the number of accidents. The following experts' list of "six requisites for safe flying" provides the soundest reason for air laws:

1. A machine, sound aerodynamically and structurally.
2. A reliable engine of sufficient power.
3. A competent, conservative pilot and navigator.
4. Airports and emergency landing fields, sufficiently close together to insure gliding to safety.
5. Nation-wide weather forecast, specialized and adapted to the need of fliers.
6. Adequate charts of air routes.

Any man familiar with aviation will at once recognize the danger of taking passage in a machine which has not been thoroughly tested and without some proof of the pilot's ability, but such professional caution should hardly be expected from the general public. Passengers rarely stop to question the seaworthiness of a steamship or the competency of its captain. They rely wholly upon the government safety regulations, and the government in its turn has provided a detailed system of inspections and examinations. The control of sea traffic is now automatically accepted as a governmental function. The scope and nature of aviation make the control of such traffic as imperative.

Introducing Our Ancestors

THE munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, donors of the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, will fan the flames of ancestor-worship which have been burning high. For here our Puritan forefathers appear in a pleasant and unfamiliar light: as artists unawares, as craftsmen, lovers of color and beauty. We have been learning of late years that the dour early New Englanders knew a thing or two that we do not; the countryside has been combed for slatback chairs and hook rugs and gooseneck andirons and old iron hinges, simple things with a decorative charm which grew directly out of a human love of comfort. But part of our liking for these things has been mere antiquarianism.

Here, however, is assembled an amazingly gay picture of life in the old colonies. Here is a free use of color which most of us, were it not guaranteed authentically ancestral, would look upon with doubt and regard as "Greenwich-villagey." Our ancestors, it seems, liked to stain their furniture black or a bright brick red—or both. In the old Hart house in Ipswich, built in 1640 (the lovely parlor or "keeping-room" of which is reproduced in the de Forest wing), a molded band of red and black dentils runs across the fireplace opening, and similar bright bands sheathe the ceiling and the great summer-beam overhead. The men who carved the chests and chairs of the earliest colonial furniture were plainly not sour souls with their eyes set on heaven alone; they worked long hours to make life pleasant in the here and now.

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Indeed, the inventories of those old days reveal a degree of creature comfort and an eagerness for lavish color which is surprising to those who have grown up on the tradition that the early New Englanders frowned upon the niceties of life. Anne Hibbins, who was surely an authentic early New Englander (for she was the third person to be executed for witchcraft in those pious days), left behind her in 1656 "a green say cushion, a violet pinckt cushion, a velvet (10s) and a wrought cushion with gold (5s), a wrought cupboard cloth, a green say valance, a green cupboard cloth with silk fringe, a green wrought do. with do., one wrought valliants, five painted [India] calico curtains and valence, one cupboard cloth with fringe, and one wrought Holland cupboard cloth." A year later Theophilus Eaton, first governor of New Haven Colony, had an inventory made of his goods which reveals that he, too, had a taste for color. He counted his goods in the "greene chamber" and in the "blew chamber" among his other rooms; he had pottery and glass (undoubtedly the lovely colored glass which is now so rare), silver, brasses, and wrought iron—and 253 pounds of pewter utensils, which was not bad, considering that six years later Samuel Pepys complained of a dinner at the Guildhall in London on Lord Mayor's Day that "It was very unpleasing that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes." Harvard College was founded less than ten years after the first white man had looked upon the Charles River, and its founder was comfortable enough to leave it, after providing for his family, £729/17/2, in addition to a library of 260 volumes, including, besides the saints, such frivolous authors as Terence, Juvenal, and Horace.

Walter Prichard Eaton has recently commented in the *American Mercury* upon the artistic genius of the men who built old Nantucket—"a God-fearing, hard-working, close-fisted, and none too literate people, who knew a vast deal more about whales than they did about art," yet who, "when they built a town of their own, achieved an artistic unity of effect unknown today; they wrought every detail not only fittingly but beautifully." But, rages Mr. Eaton,

> Then came the sophisticated moderns, laughing at the Puritans, scorning the Puritan attitude toward art, blaming on the Puritans, in fact, most of the childishness or crudity of American artistic expression—and the best these moderns could do were hideous casinos, sprawling cottages with verandas stuck all over them helter-skelter, houses with . . . gingerbread trimmings, and nothing, anywhere, that had repose, unity, beauty of outline or detail, or even adaptability to its site.

Mr. Eaton concludes, naturally, that the Puritans, expressing art in the creation of dwellings, ships, furniture, pots, pans, and hinges, were truer artists than the self-conscious gentlemen who today spell Art with a capital A. In that he is undoubtedly right. And Demos is awakening to it. Wealthy pants-makers are today following Mr. Eaton's example in buying up and restoring abandoned farms; agents of the metropolitan shops are buying out the farmers' parlors and refurnishing them from the mail-order catalogues; little colonial mansions adorn all the Main Streets of the United States, squeezed in upon one another as closely as their predecessors, the imitation castles. The Metropolitan Museum has chastely canonized our ancestors' good taste. But barring all this copying of old models, how is a generation too busy and too tired to whittle to acquire a craftsmanship of its own?

The Going of M. Jusserand

WE have withheld comment upon the retirement of Ambassador Jusserand from the post he has filled with such success for so many years in the hope that the Herriot Government would reconsider and order the ambassador to remain. The doyen of the diplomatic corps, he has been on duty in Washington for so long that one has come to consider him as much an institution as the mounted statue of Jackson or the Washington Monument itself. Modest and unassuming, he has typified the best there was in the old diplomacy and he has combined this with a literary skill, a versatility, and an authority which have made him deservedly conspicuous in the world of letters. We have too few of his type in our citizenship or any other residing among us.

There are still other reasons why we hold M. Jusserand in admiration. He might well have been forgiven had he laid aside his modesty and altered his simple bearing when the war came. The tremendous exaltation of his country in American eyes as the war progressed because of the heroic struggle of the masses of the French people against such disaster and suffering as were theirs might well have led another to assume an aggressive or even a presumptuous attitude. There is surely no higher praise that we can bestow upon the ambassador than to say that, so far as we can recall, he struck not one single false note, made no imperialistic or provocative speech, and in no wise undertook to tell us how we should conduct our affairs. We have often had to complain of the pro-French propaganda carried on in this country by M. Gaston Liébert and others, but our quarrel was not with M. Jusserand, and the responsibility for their objectionable propaganda rests not upon him but in Paris. Undoubtedly the correctness of his bearing was due to his own innate qualities, but it may surely be attributed to his understanding of us, an understanding in which he has been surpassed by only one other diplomat—Lord Bryce.

Glancing over one of his war-time speeches we note that Ambassador Jusserand quoted Marcus Aurelius as follows:

> Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, *to hate any man*, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.

Those are admirable sentiments. Had they governed the Allies and especially his own Government in the years following the war the history of Europe would have been different. But no one can hold the ambassador responsible for the policies of his country. The fact that we wish to stress today is that he has not been an inciter to hate while in America and that he has ever worked for the right relations between this country and the great republic he represents. So we end where we began, with the expression of our intense regret that M. Herriot could not have seen his way clear to permitting the ambassador to remain still longer in active service in the country which has come to regard him with affection as well as high respect. Nor can we personally forget that his brilliant pen has occasionally contributed to these columns. The fact that our views have necessarily diverged from his since war-time days has not diminished, but rather enhanced, the regard in which we have always held him.

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The Standard Oil's Death Factory

By MARY ROSS

ON Friday Ernest Oelgert went "loony" at work. Someone was following him, he complained. Then he dodged about the Standard Oil plant at Elizabeth, N. J., shouting that three men were coming at him at once. They took him to the hospital in Elizabeth. He died there the next day, in convulsions.

Others who had worked beside him in what the men called the "loony-gas building" acted strangely. William McSweeney went home from work sick and so violent that his sister called a policeman. When the policeman came he had to get in three other men to put McSweeney in a strait-jacket. They say William Kresge lost twenty-two pounds in four weeks during which he had worked in the building. Walter Dymock, ill at home, got up at night and walked out a second-story window. A passerby found him and called an ambulance. On Sunday these men and one other, Herbert Fuson, were taken to New York to the Reconstruction Hospital, which specializes in the treatment of industrial diseases and accidents.

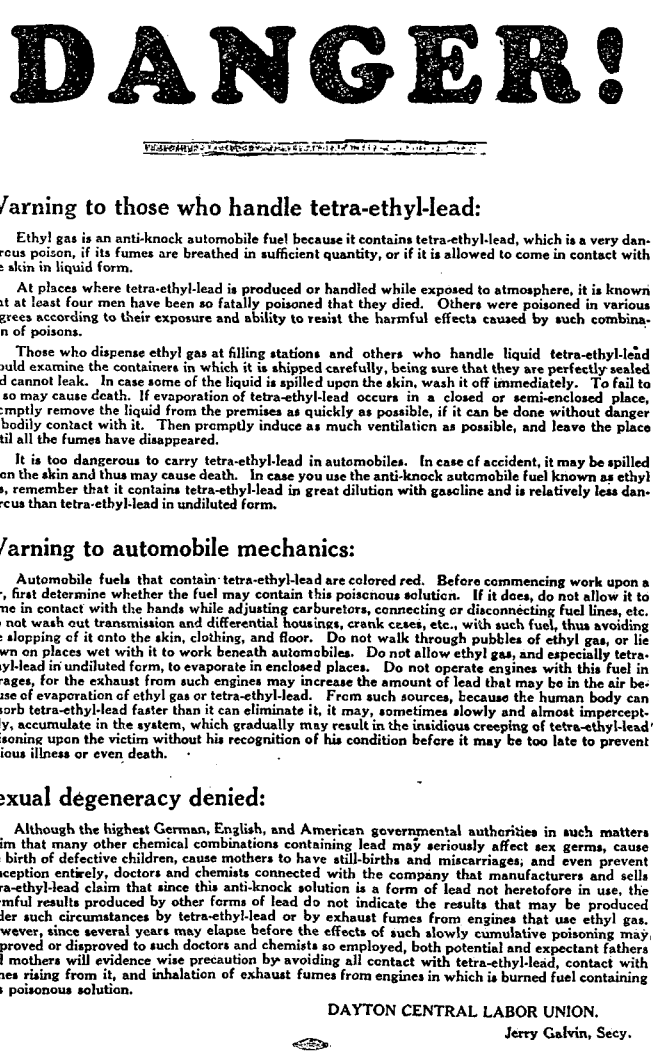
Dymock died on Monday in a violent delirium; McSweeney, who until a year ago had been a brigadier general in the army of the Irish Free State. died the next day; Kresge on Wednesday; Fuson, strait-jacketed also, on Thursday. The "loony-gas" story came back to the first page of the New York newspapers. Thirty-six other employees of the Elizabeth plant of the Standard Oil were placed under observation in hospitals, eight others in their homes. Some of them showed no symptoms, others had headaches, "mental disturbances," dreams, or delirium.

With the deaths of the fourth and the fifth man came statements from the Standard Oil, one of whose executives had declared on the first day that "the men probably went insane because they worked too hard." The "loony-gas" was, in fact, no mystery, but lead tetra-ethyl; its manufacture, in a so-called research building, was the try-out of a new commercial undertaking on the part of the General Motors Chemical Company and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which together own the Ethyl Gasoline Company. The substance, known to chemists for more than half a century, and known as a deadly poison, is added to gasoline to keep engines from knocking. This ethyl gasoline, according to the Standard Oil Company, had, without waiting for fuller experimental tests, been put in use in 10,000 filling stations and garages.

From other sources came other bits of information. The discovery that lead tetra-ethyl would increase the power of gasoline and prevent the formation of carbon and knocking of the engine was made at the plant of the General Motors Chemical Company at Dayton, Ohio. It is claimed that gasoline in which a small amount of it is dissolved will give an 8 per cent increase in power with an increase in cost of only 6 per cent. Multiplying that gain by the billions of gallons of gasoline burned in the country's twelve million automobiles will give some idea of the profits at stake in the commercial exploitation of this discovery.

But lead tetra-ethyl is so poisonous that a little rubbed on a man's hand will lower his blood pressure, perhaps even make him unconscious, before he can cross the room to wash it off. Its poison is absorbed in this way through the skin, or inhaled through the lungs from fumes which escape from large retorts during the course of manufacture. These fumes, according to Dr. Gilman Thompson, who is consulting physician for the Standard Oil Company, cause a congestion of the brain which results in symptoms not unlike those of delirium tremens. The Standard Oil Company declares that no accidents have been reported from the use of the treated gasoline in which the lead compound is present in dilution, though Dr. Yandell Henderson, professor of applied physiology at Yale University, believes that handling this gasoline or breathing the exhaust from an engine in which it is burned constitutes an insidious menace to health, possibly even to life.

Two years ago the General Motors Company asked Dr. Henderson, who is an expert in this field, to give his opinion on the use of tetra-ethyl lead gas. He reported that lead thus volatilized attacked the brain and nerves rapidly, resulting in the most dangerous form of lead poisoning, with delirium, paralysis, and other severe symptoms char-



DANGER!

Warning to those who handle tetra-ethyl-lead:

Ethyl gas is an anti-knock automobile fuel because it contains tetra-ethyl-lead, which is a very dangerous poison, if its fumes are breathed in sufficient quantity, or if it is allowed to come in contact with the skin in liquid form.

At places where tetra-ethyl-lead is produced or handled while exposed to atmosphere, it is known that at least four men have been so fatally poisoned that they died. Others were poisoned in various degrees according to their exposure and ability to resist the harmful effects caused by such combination of poisons.

Those who dispense ethyl gas at filling stations and others who handle liquid tetra-ethyl-lead should examine the containers in which it is shipped carefully, being sure that they are perfectly sealed and cannot leak. In case some of the liquid is spilled upon the skin, wash it off immediately. To fail to do so may cause death. If evaporation of tetra-ethyl-lead occurs in a closed or semi-enclosed place, promptly remove the liquid from the premises as quickly as possible, if it can be done without danger of bodily contact with it. Then promptly induce as much ventilation as possible, and leave the place until all the fumes have disappeared.

It is too dangerous to carry tetra-ethyl-lead in automobiles. In case of accident, it may be spilled upon the skin and thus may cause death. In case you use the anti-knock automobile fuel known as ethyl gas, remember that it contains tetra-ethyl-lead in great dilution with gasoline and is relatively less dangercus than tetra-ethyl-lead in undiluted form.

Warning to automobile mechanics:

Automobile fuels that contain tetra-ethyl-lead are colored red. Before commencing work upon a car, first determine whether the fuel may contain this poisonous solution. If it does, do not allow it to come in contact with the hands while adjusting carburetors, connecting or disconnecting fuel lines, etc. Do not wash out transmission and differential housings, crank cases, etc., with such fuel, thus avoiding the slopping of it onto the skin, clothing, and floor. Do not walk through puddles of ethyl gas, or lie down on places wet with it to work beneath automobiles. Do not allow ethyl gas, and especially tetra-ethyl-lead in undiluted form, to evaporate in enclosed places. Do not operate engines with this fuel in garages, for the exhaust from such engines may increase the amount of lead that may be in the air because of evaporation of ethyl gas or tetra-ethyl-lead. From such sources, because the human body can absorb tetra-ethyl-lead faster than it can eliminate it, it may, sometimes slowly and almost imperceptably, accumulate in the system, which gradually may result in the insidious creeping of tetra-ethyl-lead poisoning upon the victim without his recognition of his condition before it may be too late to prevent serious illness or even death.

Sexual degeneracy denied:

Although the highest German, English, and American governmental authorities in such matters claim that many other chemical combinations containing lead may seriously affect sex germs, cause the birth of defective children, cause mothers to have still-births and miscarriages, and even prevent conception entirely, doctors and chemists connected with the company that manufacturers and sells tetra-ethyl-lead claim that since this anti-knock solution is a form of lead not heretofore in use, the harmful results produced by other forms of lead do not indicate the results that may be produced under such circumstances by tetra-ethyl-lead or by exhaust fumes from engines that use ethyl gas. However, since several years may elapse before the effects of such slowly cumulative poisoning may be proved or disproved to such doctors and chemists so employed, both potential and expectant fathers and mothers will evidence wise precaution by avoiding all contact with tetra-ethyl-lead, contact with fumes rising from it, and inhalation of exhaust fumes from engines in which is burned fuel containing this poisonous solution.

DAYTON CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Jerry Galvin, Secy.

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acteristic of the poisoning, which may cause permanent damage to the body when they do not kill. He believed that the exhausts from automobiles using this fuel in heavy traffic might well poison pedestrians on the street; in a garage the results would be even more disastrous. The fumes are especially dangerous, as symptoms may not develop at once and serious harm may be done before the victim realizes his peril.

A year ago the companies interested in ethyl gasoline asked the Bureau of Mines to investigate it with a view to determining its toxicity and the effects of the exhaust fumes. At the time of the Elizabeth accidents, the results of that study had not yet been made public. Its conclusions indicate that the substance is not dangerous as a motor fuel, but no report has been made yet in regard to danger in its manufacture.

The companies had also asked the research staff at Harvard University to undertake another analysis, but that request was refused. They also asked a report from the recently established department of industrial hygiene at Columbia University. Work there has been carried on for several months but still is incomplete.

But the companies did not wait. Manufacture went on. Two workmen died at the Dayton plant. The Du Pont plant in Wilmington, which makes lead tetra-ethyl on a commercial scale, also killed some of its workers. Manufacture was started on August 1 at the Elizabeth plant on a small scale; it was planned to carry the work on in a research building for six months as a temporary expedient to develop a commercial technique which could guide the company in the building of a large permanent factory, probably in Chicago. The tragedy which closed its doors on October 25 involved the death or hospitalization of virtually every man who was then employed in the "loony-gas" plant, and efforts are being made to determine whether or not the suicide of a chemist who jumped to death from his boarding-house last September and the illness of others who quit during the fall are to be traced to the same poison.

Manufacture on a commercial scale, according to Dr. Gilman Thompson, consulting expert for the Standard Oil, involves "processes still more or less in a stage of development. . . . This has occasioned unforeseen accidents, which, as processes and apparatus are further perfected, should be avoidable in the future."

Work at the Du Pont plant has apparently suffered a somewhat similar development. Its president is quoted as saying:

> The Du Pont company, during the experimental period, experienced much trouble with the men becoming poisoned, *even to the extent of fatalities*. During the past year of production, when more than 100 men have been employed continuously, the difficulty has diminished steadily. In the past several months, under full production, only slight difficulties have been encountered. Experience has taught the necessary protection, both in plant and medical care.

An experience, however, bought dearly at the expense of those unfortunate enough to incur a "fatality"! And what, in human terms, are the present "slight difficulties"?

In the light of Mr. Du Pont's assurance that "workmen cumulatively poisoned by this material invariably indicate it in the incipient stages, before any harm is done, by a marked symptom," it is difficult to harmonize the collapse of the whole working force at Elizabeth on successive days with the statement of the Standard Oil that its men were protected by every safeguard of equipment and supervision. Investigations have been started by the prosecutor of Union County and the New Jersey State Department of Labor to determine whether or not proper ventilating devices, medical inspection, facilities for washing and for changing work-clothes, and similar measures were in force. Rumors of neglect must be sifted. The workmen who were poisoned and died were not scientists working open-eyed in the investigation of a dangerous substance; they were common laborers, hired at eighty-five cents an hour, to carry out a new method of commercial manufacture for the profit of the Standard Oil. When an accident involves the whole plant it is difficult to accept such an excuse as that offered in the case of the two deaths at Dayton, where it was said that "without desiring to attach any blame to the employees" it was "very difficult to get the men to make use of safety devices provided for their protection by the company."

In due time the legal machinery probably will grind out a decision placing the blame for the deaths of the five men. In due time, also, scientists will provide at least a majority opinion as to whether or not the new fuel, ethyl gasoline, is fit for use, humanly speaking. The health department of New York City and health officers in parts of New Jersey have barred its sale. The Standard Oil's original idea of having it tested scientifically before trouble had been reported was good, but any member of the general motor-using public will inquire why, with one adverse judgment and two other investigations still incomplete, the company rushed forward and put the suspicious substance on sale in those 10,000 filling stations of which the company itself speaks.

It is to be hoped that the Standard Oil's assertion that there are no reports of untoward incidents in the use of ethyl gasoline, with its fraction of one per cent of lead tetra-ethyl, means that none have occurred. The case of the nine or more men who have met death in its manufacture in the last few months, and of the several times that number who have suffered serious, perhaps permanent, disability, offers unfortunately no room for optimism. They were human material, bought in the labor market at eighty-five cents an hour, and scrapped in the feverish rush to try out and market a new product which promised tremendous financial returns. It is always in such crises that the safeguards that protect human life suffer the worst disasters; when manufacture becomes routine and is carried on on a large scale public control comes to bear more effectively.

These men, however, are dead. To men still alive other questions, which judicial investigation can settle, are pertinent: Can the manufacture of ethyl gasoline be made safe enough to be tolerated in a civilized community? Was the wisdom learned by tragic experience at Wilmington applied at Elizabeth? Were the men told the history of work at Wilmington and Dayton so that they knowingly risked their lives for a wage and a nine-days' newspaper wonder? And finally:

When human lives, reckoned in dollars and cents, are cheap, and vast financial stakes are at issue in a venture demanding quick and risky action, are there any but the workers themselves to insist that commercial progress shall not be bought at an indefensible cost to their minds and bodies?

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Try It On with Ships

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE is great promptness in government work at Washington. This promptness shows itself at twenty-nine minutes past four every afternoon. The number of clerks who can conclude their day's work, put on their hats, and get out of the doors of a government building between four twenty-nine and four thirty-one every afternoon without fail is one of the country's great spectacles of dispatch in the conduct of human affairs.

Government business reverses the cruel practices of private business. In government business the underneath people in multitudes are totally exempted from overwork, while the top people are frequently condemned to dreary drudgery.

Interstate commerce commissioners, those great and lofty characters who with a wiggle of their little fingers make and unmake rate-structures and the fortunes of the transportation system of the mightiest country on earth, sir, can be seen going home under the burden of large piles of documents which they must peruse in their evening hours.

Justices of the Supreme Court can be seen transforming the court into an intellectual sweat-shop of unceasing toil, especially if, like Mr. Justice Brandeis, besides reading everything about the cases which they have to decide, they feel it necessary to read everything else in order to get further light on the cases.

Presidents also have to work, even if, like the present President, which seldom happens, they know how to analyze and organize their work so well as to be able to get to bed at ten o'clock every night.

Top people at Washington, for the most part, perform labor, really. The first problem in public ownership and operation of anything at Washington is to provide the rank and file of employees with inspiring and compelling reasons for jazzing up the pace of their endeavors. Advocates of public ownership and operation might well address themselves to this problem. They confine themselves usually to trying to achieve public ownership and operation of something now privately owned and operated. This writer suggests to them, and to his boss, the editor of *The Nation*, that he and they might happily expand their propaganda to the point of trying to bring it about that something already publicly owned and operated at Washington should be operated well.

This writer, who looks with a cold eye at public ownership and operation of anything, is willing out of courtesy to go farther and to point out a specific instance in which public ownership and operation at Washington is in need of every assistance that the advocates of public ownership and operation can give it. This instance is ships. Why worry about public ownership and operation of gigantic water-power plants not yet built? Why not pay a little attention to the gigantic fleet of merchant vessels already in public hands and already being managed for weal or for woe by a government department? The thing for the advocates of public ownership and operation to do is to concentrate their energies upon our governmental merchant fleet and show us old weather-worn cynics at the national capital how to make this undertaking an undoubted and glittering success.

The first problem to be solved will be the one to which reference has already been made. It will be necessary to create in the Shipping Board and in the Emergency Fleet Corporation the situation which exists today in most private companies and which enables underneath people to rise readily into being top people. Today, for instance, most railroad presidents rise from the ranks. Today, in a company like the great Standard Oil Company of Indiana, virtually every director, and perhaps absolutely every one, started at some such level as being the driver of a tank-wagon.

We must fix it so that the clerk who is filing manifests for the voyages of government freighters can readily see himself becoming a member of the Shipping Board. At present the law provides that two members of the Shipping Board must come from States on the Pacific, two of them from States on the Atlantic, one of them from a State on the Gulf of Mexico, one of them from a State on the Great Lakes, and one from "the interior." It further provides that not more than four of them shall be from the same political party.

Under a similar system the Standard Oil Company of Indiana would provide that three of its directors must come from Indianapolis and one each from Terre Haute, South Bend, Evansville, and Muncie, while one must come from some Indiana county neither on the Ohio River nor on Lake Michigan, and that if a director who was a Republican died he should be succeeded by a Republican and not by a Democrat. In practice further, if the Standard Oil Company of Indiana were managed like the Shipping Board, it would provide that the only sure way of never becoming a director of the company would be to enter its service as a rank-and-file employee.

It happens that at this moment at least fifteen distinguished persons are being considered by the President of the United States for appointment to the office of Secretary of Agriculture. It teaches every government clerk a lesson to notice that not one of these persons is a Department of Agriculture rank-and-file product.

Speaking roughly, and brutally, the under dog at Washington has just no chance at all ever to be really top dog. That must be changed if the Shipping Board service is ever going to be as alluring to young talent as the service of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is.

Next, the Senate and the House of Representatives must be persuaded to be willing to pay for talent in the jobs that lie between the top and the bottom. The top people, like Cabinet members, have glory. The people just under them, and above the grade of clerk, have little glory. What compensation of nation-wide fame comes to a man for managing a government bureau or a government ship? Such men in such positions are forever fleeing from government employ to find refuge—and appreciation—in the service of ruthless private capitalists.

A multitude of other problems in the technique of successful government ownership and operation await solution. Why not descend upon Washington and solve them? Most of our ocean-going merchant ships seem likely for many years to be governmental. Perhaps, if the advocates of public ownership and operation would turn in and make the public service as attractive and as effective as private service is, those ships would remain governmental forever.

That's the challenge.

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The Nepman Is Passing

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 23

THERE have been seven years of Bolshevik Russia and four of the New Economic Policy. To what extent has the NEP eclipsed the revolution? To what extent has it fortified the achievements of the revolution?

For the moment we are not interested in the NEP as an economic phenomenon. The NEP released a spiritual force, a highly demoralizing spiritual force, which is making its influence felt on the machinery of state and even on the hitherto unassailable heights of the Communist Party. No mystery envelops the source of this evil. The NEP reintroduced and placed official sanction on the inequalities of remuneration and of manner of living which the system of 1917-1921, the system of "military communism," had sought, ofttimes successfully, to eliminate.

Take the flagrant offenses of Krasnoschokov, the director of one of the largest government banks in Russia. He was a devoted Communist; had been president of the Far Eastern (Chita) Republic. But under the lure of the NEP he misused state funds to entertain sumptuously, to give gipsy parties, in general to live as befits the head of a big financial institution in a capitalistic country. The money he appropriated was a mere bagatelle. His real crime consisted in having succumbed to the temptations which the NEP put in his path. No man in Moscow would have found it possible to do in 1918 what Krasnoschokov did in 1923. Not that luxuries and comforts were unattainable. But Communists and many Soviet sympathizers disdained them. Now all do not.

From *Pravda* (Moscow)

Chicherin Staggering Under the Weight of Recognition

We do not ask the Communists to toe an ascetic line. They deserve the good things of the earth much more than some other persons. In their devotion multitudes do deny themselves these satisfactions. But the wrong inherent in the NEP is that it dangles objects of desire before the servants of the Soviet state while withholding from these individuals the possibility of obtaining them through means that are beyond reproach. Sometimes the consequent irregularities are as serious as bribe-taking; sometimes of a much more innocent nature yet fundamentally as corrupting. There are tens of thousands of Russians in high official positions who have resisted these temptations, and we should say that the great majority of the Communist Party are still as honest and as puritanical as Lenin would have had them be. Yet an increasingly large percentage of responsible persons in Russia is succumbing to the slow siege of NEP standards.

Elsewhere many of the sins we refer to would be usual and regarded as natural. It is a common failing the world over to be pulled by "pull" and to give a ready ear to one's friends and relatives. But somehow it strikes the observer as particularly discordant in Soviet Russia. A Communist has a single room in a government dormitory and wants another. He promises a position in his office to the brother of the commandant of the house and his wish is granted. This is the sort of transgression which inspires these remarks. Because it is the more frequent form and the less apprehendible, because the perpetrator is inclined to make light of the act, it is morally as dangerous as outright graft. Yet every day in Moscow an X-ray eye and a radio ear could probably discover hundreds of such cases.

This is the canker which is eating at the healthy marrow of the revolution. To the Soviet sympathizer it is a most disappointing development. It hurts to see these things, especially since one understands that they are not the expression of a sudden perversion on the part of the individuals concerned. They are the apparently unavoidable concomitants of the NEP system. Krasnoschokov is a type of NEP victim. He is indeed one of a myriad of victims and one of a thousand who are caught and punished.

One of the worst features of this evil, perhaps the worst from the moral standpoint, is the spying which it encourages. It is more or less axiomatic that under present conditions anyone may be enticed to sin. Therefore, everyone must be watched. Accordingly each individual employee appoints himself spy extraordinary. Everyone spies on everyone else. The Communist Party has been described as a "mutual espionage society." Unfortunately the trusts and syndicates must be that, and the party has been caught in the same mesh.

If it were not for these regrettable features the NEP would be an altogether welcome phenomenon, for it made it possible for the Bolsheviks to remain in power and for the reconstruction of the country to proceed apace. The NEP has proved to all the world that state socialism or state capitalism, which is the same thing, can be practicable and profitable. Despite the fact that some Soviet industries are still working at a deficit there is sufficient proof on hand—proof in the form of increased production in all but two unimportant industries during 1923-24, in the form of many profit-earning industries, in the form of reduced state subsidies—to establish the principle, a principle which first-hand knowledge of individual enterprises confirms, that state-owned factories, mines, oil fields, etc., can be efficiently and gainfully operated. Six months ago the Government was prepared to grant Baku to an oil concessionnaire. Today the field is working so well under state management that a concession seems to have faded into the dim distance. This situation is paralleled in many other instances, and it may well be that by the time the big capitalists of the universe decide to apply for Soviet

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concessions some Soviet consulate in Europe will inform their agent that his trip to Russia would be futile.

We must not minimize the difficulties. The Soviet industries suffer most, especially from an impoverished market, yet this is really only one sector of a vicious circle within which they find themselves. Generally, the cost of production in Soviet factories is above normal. Therefore, prices must be high; therefore, people do not buy. Accordingly, Dzerzhinsky, the chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, made a bold move. He is slashing the prices of almost all manufactured articles. In the last month there has been a government-decreed cut in the retail prices of shoes, leather goods, rubber goods, kerosene, cotton, woolen and linen goods, paper, matches, and silk. In some cases the reductions have amounted to 25 per cent and more.

From a narrow viewpoint this step has no economic justification. But its purpose was to break through the vicious circle, and this it is fairly certain to accomplish. It will get rid of a condition which has existed for years.

The present cut-price campaign will entail an immediate money loss to many industrial units. But it will widen their market, and to meet the increased demand they will have to produce more. Large-scale production will introduce naturally low prices to replace the artificially reduced prices of Dzerzhinsky. It is hoped that the "anti-expensiveness" crusade will thus not merely help to liquidate the surplus stocks on hand, but also justify an intensification of production by raising the buying capacity of the rural and urban population.

No sooner, therefore, had the "anti-expensiveness" war commenced to show results than Dzerzhinsky, with characteristic energy, launched a campaign for a rise in individual and group productivity. The consequent economic improvement should this year offset the effect of the poor harvest along the lower reaches of the Volga, and next year make for considerable positive progress.

The increase in the productivity of the Soviet industries is pregnant with a significance which transcends immediate monetary advantage. In the long run the twin anti-price-more-work campaign will have the effect of widening the scope of Russian industries and hence of reinforcing the ranks of the Russian proletariat. This is the touchstone of Bolshevik success. If they are able to further the industrialization of Russia and thus its proletarization they do not merely insure the perpetuation of their regime; they guarantee it against the conservatizing influence of the peasantry.

The trade unions made an interesting contribution to the debate on increased productivity. In a polemic with Dzerzhinsky the unions argued that to increase a man's output you must give him a better wage. Dzerzhinsky replied that the workers would receive better wages only when they demonstrated their ability to increase their output. Here we see Dzerzhinsky as the capitalist, the employer, and his psychology is akin to that of any other employer, for theoretically all the evils of private capitalism are inherent in state capitalism. Where there are employer, wages, and employee there must be exploitation. Naturally, there are degrees of exploitation, and to work for an exploiter who supplies the exploited with rooms at a nominal rental, free carfare, free insurance, free medical care, often free sanitariums and summer resorts, is quite different from being exploited by the United States Steel Corporation. Moreover, there is a distinction between working to enrich a private industrial Mogul and working to strengthen a workers' state whose strength will ultimately, if not in this generation then in the next, make for the improved comfort of the individual. Yet fundamentally and now the evil is the same. How will the Communist state solve the problem of labor in its own capitalistic industry? Shall we witness the coming of syndicalism (the principle of which the Bolsheviks loathe) or perhaps the development of guilds, which are really producers' cooperatives, and thus the rounding out of the cooperative commonwealth? Already some have broached the subject of trade-union participation in the management of industry.

The last season has seen feverish activity in the field of consumers' cooperatives. The conference of the Communist Party in May gave its regular annual blessing to the NEP, this time in more unmistakable language than ever, yet it simultaneously ordered a general attack on private trade. The paradox is only apparent. The NEP means freedom of the peasants to sell their grain as they see fit; it legalized private commerce and state manufacturing for profit. This license the Government has no desire to cancel. The general attack on the NEP did not take the form of a legal enactment or of the annulment of a previously promulgated edict. It is an economic measure. The Bolsheviks have gone out on the economic field of battle in an attempt to limit the scope of private trade but not, as yet, to extirpate it. Their weapon is the development of cooperatives. But they also employ administrative measures. They tax private merchants heavily, and handicap them in the buying and selling of their goods. The result is that private stores have been disappearing much faster than cooperatives and state stores can take their place. Even so good a Communist as Lomov, the head of the Russian oil syndicate, avers that any further shrinkage of private trade will have a detrimental effect on government industry by blocking the channels through which the factories can dispose of their products. But the Soviets, as Lenin once said, always make progress by advancing two steps and retreating one. The crusade against private trade during the last six months has been too successful. Soon probably an order will go out to retire to a second line and retrench. A year from today there may be another advance and another gain.

The next few years will see innumerable exhibitions of this tug of war between private capitalism and state capitalism. At best the Nepman, the private capitalist, will hold his own. But with the rehabilitation of Soviet industries and the strengthening of Soviet finances, both of which are proceeding apace, the disadvantage of the Nepman increases. The writer is convinced that even by economic methods alone the Government could now withdraw all the country's trade from private merchants and hand it over to the cooperatives. Just at present they could not assimilate the gift. Two or three years from today they may be able to. The year 1922 and the early part of 1923 were the heyday of the Nepman. He was rich and flaunted his wealth in the thoroughfares. He had his gambling casinos and cabarets. This is the period of his decline.

The steadily growing success of the state industries and the restriction of private trade: these are the Bolshevik achievements of the past year. There is another front to conquer; the demoralization of the NEP period must be stemmed.

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Kuzbas in 1924

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

Kemerovo, Siberia

THE autonomous industrial colony of Kuzbas at Kemerovo, Siberia, is now in its third year of existence, and already it seems a far cry to the early days of strife and uncertainty.

The opening of the chemical plant on March 1 may be considered as an announcement to the world that the colony is no longer an experiment but a successful enterprise. The plant had been designed by French and Belgian engineers and was built ten years ago by Austrian war prisoners, but had never been completed, although vitally necessary in the industrialization of Siberia. It is of small value to Siberia that one-fourth of the known coal deposits of the world lie in Kuznets Basin, because the fuel coal cannot be transported. It therefore becomes essential to convert this coal into by-products which can be shipped where they are needed.

When the American colony took over the management of the enterprise in February of last year there was a Russian "spetz" in charge of the chemical plant who had been promising for years that it would soon be running, but was actually blocking the program by deliberate acts of sabotage. One of the first steps of the new management was the appointment in his place of Dr. Mahler, who went at once to Germany to purchase machinery and equipment and engage other chemical engineers.

But the people only laughed. "It will never run," they said, and it did seem quite improbable that this great sleeping plant would ever come to life. Yet on March 2, one year after the American colony assumed control, we celebrated the formal opening of the "Chim Zavod." The day was perfect for an outdoor celebration: typical mid-winter Siberian weather—cold and still with dazzling sunshine. Standing on the steps of the office building, we watched the parade approach. Bands were playing and the red banners waved against the all-enveloping white of the snow. In the prevailing winter costume of sheepskin shuba, occasionally drawn close at the waist with a bright scarf; sheepskin mittens, huge fur hat, and clumsy felt boots, the crowd which gathered about the speakers' stand appeared somewhat grotesque. But so clothed we were able to be outdoors at thirty below.

I had hoped that on this momentous day I was at last going to see a Russian meeting through to the end. But I know now that such an accomplishment is impossible for one of my temperament. My feet began to get cold even in the cozy felt boots, my neck became stiff from standing for almost three hours, and there was no reason to expect that the next speech would be the last. So I decided to go inside.

It gave me a thrill to see the plant awakening from its long sleep and to hear the whir of machinery in the massive buildings where birds were nesting in the summer. By the time we had come to the coke ovens the meeting was ended and the parade was passing into the plant. Above, on top of the ovens, stood Dr. Mahler and other engineers. The dramatic moment of the day had come when the heavy door was lifted and in a burst of music, with clapping of hands and waving of banners, the flaming coke poured forth. A cloud of smoke from the red-hot mass hid the scene.

Several months have passed since that day. The chemical plant is carrying out its program and is producing benzol, coal tar, pitch, naphthalene, light and heavy oil. Five million poods (100,000 tons) of Kemerovo coal and three million of Kolchugina coal are being converted this year into coke, which is used chiefly to feed blast furnaces in the Urals. Other by-products which the plant will produce are ammonia, creosote, sulphuric and nitric acids.

Housing conditions continue to be unsatisfactory. New workers are constantly coming into the mines and chemical plant, and it is impossible, on account of insufficient labor and materials, to provide adequate housing for them or even to relieve the congestion among the old inhabitants. This congestion is aggravated by the immigration of the workers' relatives, who flock from the villages, hoping to find better living conditions in Kemerovo, and quarter themselves in the one room assigned to a worker and his family. When I visited the new Tartar barrack at the central shaft I was pleased with the improvements: a wide hall eliminates the evil of adjoining rooms, the stoves open into the hallway, and each spacious room has a separate pantry. But when I stepped inside one of the rooms I noticed two cradles, and when I learned that two families, comprising four adults, two infants, and seven children, lived in that one room I retreated in dismay, feeling that here was something almost as bad as a New York tenement!

As we walk through the streets and lanes of Kemerovo Rudnik and quaint Kemerovo Village, past rows of log barracks and little, fenced-in cottages where the door-yards are cluttered up with pigs, chickens, sheep, cows, and geese, there seems to be a baby at every window. The birth-rate in Kemerovo is staggeringly high—and so is the death-rate. The other day I met a woman who had given birth to nineteen children, two of whom survived; it is not uncommon to find mothers who have had eight or ten children with perhaps two living. It is a survival of the fittest. Ignorance, unsanitary conditions, improper food and care make an infant's life extremely precarious. But if he survives the early days of suffocation in a hot, air-tight room, and perpetual motion in a cradle hung from a limber birch bough, his "pacifier" perhaps an ingenious contrivance made of the dried teat of a cow and tied to the end of a horn—if the baby lives through all this he is of rugged stock, and the simple, primitive life thereafter is conducive to health and happiness.

The babies of the workers in the enterprise are brought into the world much as American babies—in a modern hospital. The mother is given free medical attention, twenty rubles from the social insurance for infants' clothing, and a sum of money for milk during the first year. These benefits, added to the eight weeks' vacation before and eight weeks' after childbirth, might be said to encourage maternity; but laws against birth control go further. Up to a year ago the Soviet Government had made birth control legal, but now Russia takes her place with other civilized nations on this issue, under the old misconception that an increased birth-rate (which the Government desires) necessarily means a like increase in population.

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Notwithstanding this rather dark picture the standard of living has improved considerably in Kemerovo in the past two years. It is now possible to buy more of the necessities and conveniences of life, not only because they are now available in the cooperatives and markets, but also because people have more money with which to buy. The stabilization of the currency put an end to the constant losses the workers suffered because of the rapidly dropping paper ruble, and moreover there has been a steady increase in the wages of Kuzbas workers. The wages in 1923 averaged 20 per cent and in 1924 50 per cent higher than they were when the colony took over the industry.

It has been exasperating to colonists, accustomed to the enterprise and efficiency of an American store, to buy anything from the cooperative, and, in fact, few had the time to indulge in the experience. The store seemed to close its doors when a rush of business was imminent; for example, the day before a holiday or at hours when the workers were free. A long line of customers, sometimes extending to the road, was usually on hand, and the bored clerks showed no interest in selling their goods. When the customer finally reached the counter and selected his purchases, there was a long wait while the clerk laboriously figured up the bill with his Chinese counting-frame—a Russian clerk's inseparable companion. Next he must wait in line at the cashier's desk, a particularly long process in the old days before the ruble became stable and when the rate changed every day. (Those were the days when we carried huge bundles of paper money running into millions of rubles to buy our butter and eggs.) With his receipted bill clutched triumphantly in his hand, the customer now joined the third line which was waiting to have its orders filled.

At this point the greatest patience was required. I once watched a new clerk weighing out honey for the woman ahead of me. The scales were balanced with numerous small objects such as match boxes and nails, which it took him some time to adjust. Then he proceeded to weigh her earthen jar and ladle out the honey. But first it was too heavy, then it was too light; he would add a ladleful and take out a ladleful, drop it back into the barrel, scoop up another ladleful, take it away again, and so on and on. I was almost screaming with impatience, but the housewife seemed unperturbed. At the closing hour, three o'clock, the line of customers was turned ruthlessly away —even the line with receipted bills.

Although much the same procedure is still observed, it is carried on at doubled speed; the store is open when you want it to be and the clerks show a gratifying desire to accommodate. This great transformation can be partly attributed to insistent agitation and complaints started by colonists; but it is also, of course, a local indication of the general improvement in business and industry throughout Russia.

A radical step toward community life was the opening of a dairy, with the first milk delivery I have heard of in Russia. The head of the Farm Department, W. H. Kingery, proposed that the management solve the problem of the cattle, which overran the town, by purchasing them and operating a community dairy which would sell milk to the inhabitants, giving reduced rates to workers on low categories with large families.

But it so happens that the family cow is a sacred institution in the villages and often the chief sustenance of a family. Each little cottage or portion of a cottage has its cow, which wanders about the streets or grazes in the community gardens. In summer grazing land is provided for the cows and herd boys drive them back and forth to pasture morning and evening. In winter they block the footpaths or, straying off the paths, stand knee-deep in snow, looking forlorn and unkempt. Although they are a public nuisance, it is hardly to be expected that the people would at this stage consider the welfare of the community above their individual livelihoods.

Protest meetings were held and the owners of cows voiced their indignation at the Americans who would force them to sell by depriving them of grazing land. The management soon gave up the idea of putting through the whole program at once. Pastures were furnished at some distance from town, land was extensively fenced, and the Farm Department is buying from those who wish to sell. The number of these will increase as the advantages of obtaining milk from the dairy become more apparent.

So now in the early morning a familiar echo of civilization falls upon our waking ears: the rattle of milk cans as the dairy wagon passes. The wagon itself should charm the eyes of the doubting inhabitants; it is inclosed with wire screen and looks tantalizingly like an ice-cream wagon in America. The fresh milk flows from the faucet of a big tank, the customers furnishing their own receptacles.

For the leisurely minded the theaters offer frequent (and prolonged) entertainment. A few weeks ago I dubiously bought a ticket—being assured that this performance would begin early—to a play given by the Workers' Club for the benefit of the Red army invalids. At 8:30 the actors began to arrive, so we decided to brace ourselves for the evidently long siege ahead by a brisk walk over the open ground about the little log theater.

At sunset we went inside. It was then ten o'clock and the house was full—a well-dressed and festive crowd. The blaring orchestra played encouragingly for one hour, after which, with seeming reluctance, the curtain rose. It was an elaborate production of "The Bright God." As the intermissions between acts were longer than the acts, I found it hard to keep my interest in the play. However, to a majority of the audience this waiting has become a part of the entertainment. Between acts they repaired to the outdoors and promenaded in the mild twilight of the Siberian summer night in their accustomed cheerful way. It was three o'clock when the fourth act was over, and there was still one more. The band moved outside with the crowd and played its most strident selections to keep up our spirits. It was now bright daylight; the long procession of the villagers' cows was moving toward the pastures; snowy geese were strutting about the door of the theater with their goslings, the color of pussy willows, and hissing at us; a sow and her pigs were having a glorious time in the mud by the pumping station.

The third and last warning bell sounded. We returned to our seats. It was an oriental scene and the lights were red to give a mystic effect. But in through the windows streamed the bright morning sunshine. In the matter-of-fact daylight the dusky make-ups shone forth greasily. It was like seeing the side-show of a circus in the daytime. Although it was four o'clock before the performance was over, many stayed for the dance which usually follows a play.

While the American colony to a large extent lives apart

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from the Russian population, we work together and have no social life to speak of apart from theirs. The hostility seems to have disappeared with the complete elimination of the old "spetz" in the industry. Even the community dining-rooms have become public boarding-houses in which only about half of the diners are colonists.

A few weeks ago the colony cooperative voted to abolish the 60-per-cent system and went over to a basis on which each person pays a flat rate for his food, instead of 60 per cent of his category. Thus passed the last remnant of our experiment in pure communism—the actual practice of the maxim: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." One objection to the system was that it did not always work according to this rule, since men on piece-work and overtime often earn as much as others on the highest categories, and yet paid only 60 per cent of a lower category. But, since it was impractical to charge 60 per cent of the total earnings, and there were continual labor troubles in the kitchens (the labor being more or less voluntary, because a wife received her food "payok" whether she worked or not), the "100-per-cent system" passed with little opposition. The rate for meals was made low enough to accommodate all workers and the management agreed to subsidize the children of colonists.

Yet I would not go so far as to say that our adventure in communistic life was a failure. The colonists on higher categories voiced no objection to paying more for their food than those on lower wages; but the board of management of the colony cooperative requested the change because of the complicated bookkeeping such a mixed economic system made necessary and the other difficulties it created.

The colony now consists of 400 members, of whom 230 are men, 100 are women, and 70 are children. About 25 of the women are "Russian wives." Of the 600 persons who have come to Kemerovo from America since January of 1922, 200 have left. The colony has, for some months past, been operating at a profit, which during the coming year is expected to amount to a million rubles.

A Russian Summer Resort

By MAX EASTMAN

THE best place to find out what different kinds of folks in Russia think about the Government is a summer resort. All classes of the population are there. The working class is there in thousands, occupying the majority of the big cottages, which have been turned into "sanatoriums" for workers under the direction of the Commissariat of Public Health. The "government servants" are there, occupying the rest of the big cottages. The Nepmen are there in the big summer hotel, which also pertains to the Commissariat but is used to make money to support the sanatoriums. The "servant class" is there, working in the hotel just as they used to. The old petit-bourgeoisie is in the little cottages, owning them again if they are very little, and clinging on in the capacity of caretaker if they are big enough to have been taken over by the all-devouring commissariat of Dr. Semashko. The bandits are on the mountains surrounding, and the peasantry drive their goods in every day to the little fly-beloved market in the public square. It is all there, the whole Soviet civilization.

Moreover, if your summer resort happens to be on the shore of the Black Sea, and you arrive by boat from Batum, you can go forward and have a talk with the sailors. Sailors are always a little revolutionary. Sailors in Russia take the breath out of your mouth with the rapid and reckless force of their disquisitions on the significance of the Soviets and the fall of world capitalism. They have absolute confidence in their Government, understand perfectly the "retreat" involved in the New Economic Policy, can explain it with as masterly a practicality as could Lenin himself, and far more clearly. There are a hundred and seventy of them on board one of those steamers, healthy, happy, brown, smiling at world events and feeling triumphant. You get to thinking that the opinions of the passengers amount to very little when you see these big, strong, unhesitating, convinced men.

* * * * *

I stopped at Sochi, and went first to the big hotel, where I stayed long enough to get well acquainted with the new Russian money-aristocracy, the successful Nepmen. They have left me with an impression of something rude, fat, and feeble in the enjoyment of life. They remind me of Art Young's pictures of capitalists. A man who can explain his having a little money by saying that he is an engineer, or the head of a government-owned "trust," is happier. To be an expert engineer in the service of the Government, and then speculate on the side and get rich—that is real selfish beatitude in Russia. To be merely a rich man is a little unpleasant. The present is inglorious and the future uncertain. It is so, that is to say, if you are a sensitive person. The result is that the Nep class is composed mainly of unsensitive persons. Their attitude to the Bolshevik Government is crude and childish. Its principal stock in trade consists in calling the Bolsheviks "the comrades."

"We used to have napkins," your hostess apologizes, "but the *comrades* took them away from us."

* * * * *

I spoke of the speculating engineer as a happier class than the Nepmen—a class that carries off the aristocratic bearing a little better, at least, under these trying circumstances. There was one of these engineers in my summer hotel, a tall clear-headed man of strong thoughts.

"The Soviet Government," he told me frankly, "is what stands in the way of the economic and cultural revival of Russia." I asked him if he thought it would be better if there hadn't been any Soviet Government.

"I wouldn't say that," he said, "and I will tell you why. If it hadn't been for the extreme policies, and the intrinsically foolish and impossible policies of the Bolsheviks, the old regime would have come back. Nobody wants the old regime to come back. No thinking man in Russia wants any more of the Czar. History will thank the Bolsheviks for cleaning that stuff out so thoroughly that it has become unthinkable. Everybody knows that Russia will be a repub-

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lic and the land will belong to the peasants. We can thank Bolshevik fanaticism for that."

I told him that it had been a cherished belief in America that the Russian peasant so loved the "Little Father" that he could never get along without him.

"That is all pure nonsense," he said. "It didn't make five minutes difference to the Russian peasant whether he had a czar or not. People take those things as they come. What the Russian peasant wanted was the land."

I saw an illustration of his statement a few days later in the little market. There is a scarcity of paper bags in Russia, and groceries that you buy are poured into little cones made out of the pages of all sorts of old books and magazines—everything from higher mathematics to the poetry of Pushkin. I have an impression that all the pre-revolutionary culture of Russia is dribbling out of existence in this manner. One day an old man who was selling red and white cherries under a shaggy burlap umbrella turned up a page containing the picture of that poor, whiskered, meaningless face of Nicholas, with all his medals under his chin. A younger man was selling cutlery across the alley.

"Look out, papa, you'll be arrested!" he shouted. And as the old man looked a little nervous, he pointed to the Czar sitting there in the basket.

The old man knew it was a joke, but he didn't know what to do. Maybe he had some lingering feeling that things about the Czar were important. He stood the Czar on his head in the cherries first, and then changed his mind and pulled him out, turned him this way and that, and finally offered him for sale.

The young man left his booth and came across the alley. "Citizens, the Czar!" he cried. "Two rubles for the Czar! Two rubles off if you take the Czar with a pound of cherries!"

A laughing crowd gathered around, and one of them bought a pound of cherries, which the young man wrapped up in the Czar's face. The old man cheerfully accepted two rubles less than his price, waving the "Little Father" away with a comical gesture of good riddance.

* * * * *

The man who runs the hotel is a gentle-talking, kindly, gray-haired philosopher, very sympathetic to my idea of finding out what Russians think about Russia.

"I'm not political," he says. "I stood aside from it all. I saw seven different governments come and go here, before they got it settled. The Reds put me in jail the first time, when the Cossacks were in the mountains, and things were very tense. That was just on the general principle that I was a bourgeois. They let me out as soon as it was over."

"I suppose they shot some who were actively opposed," I said.

"They shot about a hundred," he said.

"Did the Whites shoot too?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but only because there weren't any Reds here to shoot."

"Do you think the Bolshevik regime is a success?" I asked him.

"It's a political success," he said, "but there's no industry. Things are bad—they couldn't be worse—and they're not getting any better."

"Do you expect another revolution?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "No."

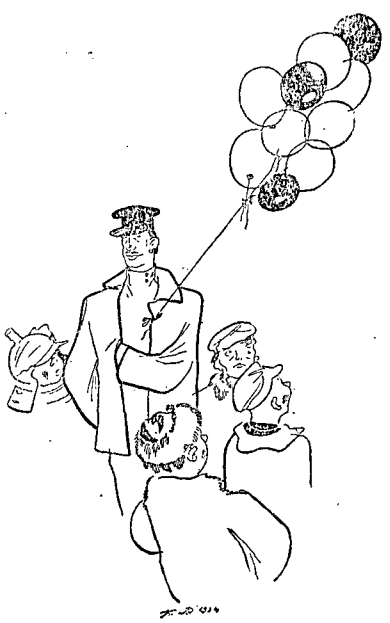
"But you don't think things are going to improve under the present regime?"

"I don't see how they can," he said.

"What do you expect, then, in the future?" I urged, and he smiled at my urgency.

"I don't expect anything in particular," he said. "It is hard to tell what the future contains."

When a Russian says that things are in ruin and are not likely to get any better, it does not mean that he is in a state of despair. It does not mean that life has come to nothing, as it would if an American said it. It means that he will turn from the idea of progress to some other idea, or some feelings, perhaps intrinsically more interesting. He never was entirely eaten up by that idea, as we are. It was an interesting Western importation, this insane absorption in *becoming*. He is more oriental, more contented with *being*. If "progress" is a failure, why, then, perhaps something else will succeed better!



From the *Projector* (Moscow)

The Boulevard Aviation Society

* * * * *

You wander along in a reflective mood until you arrive at a little sort of Childs' restaurant on the other side of the market. Standing in front of this restaurant in the attitude of a proprietor you will see a black-eyed, black-bearded gentleman, with the swarthy complexion and great big dangerous-looking nose of these Caucasus mountain races.

"What did you come to Russia for?" he asks you. "I'd get out of here in an hour and a half if I had the chance. It's a damned hopeless place. I know what it is. You needn't say anything. I've lived abroad too."

"You've got some reasonable kind of freedom there," he goes on. "I know. If I live in America and I hate a man, I can go and kill him, can't I, and then explain myself to the police." He brushed his thumb over his fingers in a gesture which is international. "What can I do here if I hate a man?" he asks you eloquently.

You are at a loss for an answer, and he continues:

"Why, even in Finland—I've traveled, I've lived in Finland—there you can kill a Russian if you've got twenty-five gold rubles about you. Here in Russia if you kill somebody the Government comes right along and kills you!"

"I suppose they've had a good deal of trouble establishing order," you suggest timidly, "and they had to be strict at first."

"Order!" he shouts. "What kind of order is that? They don't give you any chance to explain yourself. They just clap you right in jail, and then when they get ready they try you for murder and shoot you. That's no kind of order!"

You draw out your notebook in silent admiration.

"A government," he concludes emphatically, "ought to take a man's feelings into consideration."

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Autumn

TRANSLATED BY MAX EASTMAN, FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

October at last has come! The thicket has shaken
The last leaf lingering down from the naked branch.
Autumn is breathing cold, the road is frozen—
The brook still runs with a murmur behind the mill,
But the pond is still; my neighbor is up and away
With a hunt, away to the farthest dreaming field,
Where the winter wheat will suffer from his mad sport,
And the bark of dogs will startle the forest oaks.

It is my time now! I never could love the spring,
The dragging thaw, the mud, the stench—I am sick
In spring: my blood's astray, my mind is oppressed
With a yearning pain. Winter is better for me.
I love the serious snow-fields under the moon!
How the light run of the sled is swift and free,
And the hand of a love down under the sables warm! . . .

And Oh the run, to be shod with the sharpened steel,
And glide on the glassy face of the standing river!
The shining alarm of a winter holiday!
But still there's a limit in things!—A half year's snow—
Even at last to the old cave-dweller, the bear,
It is long enough! You can not forever and ever
Slide in a sled with the beautiful young Armida,
Or sulk behind double glass by a friendly stove. . . .

They commonly scold the last days of autumn: to me,
My reader and friend, they are dear; their beauty is quiet,
Their modesty brilliant; they draw me to them like a child
Whom the family does not love. I will tell you frankly:
Of all the seasons of time I can love but one;
I find in her—I am not a vainglorious lover,
Though wilful of fancy—I find in my love much good.

How shall I tell you? She ravishes me
As a dying virgin, perhaps, might ravish you.
Condemned, and bending meekly, and murmuring not.
Not angry—a smile on the fading lips—
She does not perceive the abysmal opening mouth
Of the tomb—the purplish light on her features, plays—
Today she is here—she lives—and tomorrow not.

Sweet mournful days, charm of the dreaming eyes,
Your beauty is dear to me that says farewell!
I love the sumptuous decline of nature's life,
The tents of the forest adorned with purple and gold,
And loud with the sound of the faster breath of the wind,
A billowy curtain of fog concealing the sky,
And the sun's rare beam, and the early frost,
And the threat of the gray-head winter standing off!

With every autumn that comes I bloom again;
It is good for my health, it is good, this Russian cold;
I fall afresh in love with the habit of being;
Sleep flies early, and hunger is in its place,
The blood romps joyfully through my heart,
Desire seethes up—I laugh again, I am young,
I am living life—such is my organism
(If you will excuse me, please, the prosaism).
So saddle my horse; and into the plentiful open
With fluttering mane he will carry me flying, and under
His body his glittering hoofs will ring like a tune
Through the frozen valley, will crackle and crash on the ice—
Till the brief day dies! And then the chimney, forgotten,
Will waken again with fire—will pour sharp light,
Or dimly glow, while I sit reading long,
And nourishing the long thoughts in my soul. . . .

The Fight Against Famine

By JESSICA SMITH

I BOARDED one of the comfortable little steamers that plies up and down the Volga at Nijni-Novgorod last August, and went southward through the prosperous central section, where the peasants were gathering the best crops they had had in years, to the lower districts where the higher banks of the upper river flatten into wide fertile plains which produce enough grain to feed all of Russia when there is plenty of rain, but which hardly return the seed that is put into them in the frequent years of drought.

It was a leisurely half-freight, half-passenger steamer, not one of the swifter, more luxurious craft which carry Nepmen and workers to the watering places of the Caucasus. That meant that we stopped long hours at all the landing places and had plenty of time to go ashore and see for ourselves how extensive this year's crop failure had been and how it was being handled. There had been some panic among the peasants early in the summer, and there were rumors in Moscow of a repetition of 1921, over a much smaller area. But the aspect of the villages was nothing like that I had known in the grim famine days. The Government had taken swift measures to relieve the worst suffering. Our boat was carrying some of the seed which the Government was distributing among the peasants who had suffered most, to secure them for next year. Even in the worst districts the peasants had something to go on. They had had good yields of potatoes and vegetables, and there was lively trading in all the market-places. The cooperatives, which have been crowding out the small private trader at an extraordinary rate all over Russia, were filled with customers. Rosy-cheeked peasant girls were trying on bright *platoks* of red and orange and green before the mirrors. This was the surface impression. Underneath, of course, there was an enormous amount of suffering and need as there always will be until the Russian peasant has learned something more than the old primitive methods which leave him absolutely at the mercy of weather conditions.

The stern of the boat was filled with peasants, stolid, illiterate old *mujiks* who had been through famine after famine and had somehow amazingly survived the diet of weeds and fried leather, and the younger, more alert peasant lads, many of whom had been through the efficient educational system of the Red army. An earnest young Communist, sent down from the center of the famine region to make sure that the relief measures were executed promptly, was explaining the Government's reconstruction program to a group of peasants who had been complaining bitterly. He was pointing out that there always would be famines and distress among the peasants until they learned and applied modern methods of cultivating the soil; that the Govern-

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ment realized this and had already appropriated 260,000,000 gold rubles to be used partly for temporary relief, but chiefly for a reconstruction program which would mean extensive irrigation and reforestation of the affected regions, and, even more important, for education which would teach the peasants more intensive cultivation of the land, through crop rotation, fertilization, improved seeds, and dry-farming methods. Finally, that they were organizing credit in order to provide the peasants with the machinery necessary to carry out these methods.

An old *mujik* spoke up. "This credit now—What good does it do us? The Government must have its money back. We understand that. But if they must have it back next year or the year after, what good does it do me? Perhaps there will be a drought again next year and the year after. My crop is not even enough to feed my family and pay my taxes. That will mean that I cannot pay for the horse or machine I have bought and I must give it back again."

"But Tovarischi," another young peasant put in, "you should all do what we are doing in our *volost*. We peasants have lost so much that we cannot work separately any more. But if Ivan has a horse and Matvey a plow and Sergey here nothing but his two strong hands, why they can all join together, and there will be a harvest. And after that perhaps we can all buy a tractor together, and the Government will help us. Take a broom now—when you tie it to an iron handle, why you can turn stones over with it, and you can't break it with an ax. But if you break it up into its twigs, it's a mere baby, it can do nothing. . . ."

Later in the summer I visited a district still further south, in the rich country just north of the Caucasian Mountains, where the Russian Government has just granted three Soviet farms, comprising 15,000 acres of land, to an American group of agriculturalists and educators who will contribute trained personnel, capital, and machinery, and will operate these farms jointly with the Agricultural Department of the Soviet Government, teaching American methods to the Russians.

These Soviet farms, or *Sovhoz's*, as they are called in Russia, are the old landlord's estate which were taken over by the Soviet Government at the time of the revolution to be operated as model experimental farms by the Government, to serve as examples to the peasantry of the superiority of large-scale, collective production over their inefficient individualistic methods, and as actual training schools for the peasants. Originally the Soviet Government held several thousands of these estates, but it has gradually relinquished the land of the less favorable ones to the peasantry, and rented out others, keeping in its own hands only the best. The three *Sovhoz's* I visited, which the Soviet Government is turning over to the American group, belong to the latter class.

Matveyeff, the manager of the group of estates of which these three are a part, entertained us with true Russian hospitality in the old mansion house. He was making a success of the farms. The yield of grain was three or four times as great as that of the land of the surrounding peasantry, but the motive power was still oxen. What machinery he had was already old-fashioned in America. He was delighted when he learned that the American group was planning to build up an industrial farm and school where young peasants could come and learn to operate modern machinery by actually using the machines; how by organizing cooperative groups they could purchase machinery themselves when they went back to their own villages.

Up and down Russia this movement of the peasants toward cooperative production is going on. Outside of almost every village you come upon groups of peasants building new settlements, so as to live right on the land they cultivate. They are moving away from the villages where their houses are all built together far from the land which is split up into innumerable plots and strips and operated in the most inefficient and primitive way possible. And they are moving away not as individuals, but as *groups*, united not merely for cooperative selling but for cooperative production. This is the real fight that is going on in Russia against the constantly recurring famines, a fight which means far more than temporary relief, and will eventually guarantee the Russian peasant the full product of his hard-won land.

In the Driftway

THERE are times when the Drifter wishes he were a great financial genius. Such a time occurred just after election; he read of feverish buying in the Stock Exchange, of stocks bounding up like india-rubber balls, of a general state of bliss if not of peace in the vicinity of Wall Street. Why, he pondered, had he not had the prescience to take a little flier on election eve? To be sure, his vote was going the other way; but there was no reason why his savings, such as they were, could not have been placed where they would do him the most good. He even went so far, in his mental speculation, as to spend the money which he might so easily have obtained. His thoughts skipped lightly from place to place or lingered on a few places: the Neapolitan bay at noon with the white city curving up like a dish behind it and Vesuvius, purple and smoking at one end; or the scrubbed bricks of Delft; or the Berkshire Hills, steel-blue in the subtle November light.

* * * * *

THESE day dreams, however, are never long-lived. This particular one ended even more abruptly than usual. Rashly the Drifter consented to accompany a friend to the bank for November coupon-clipping—the friend's, not his own. In a daze he saw his companion manipulate the little device which detaches the coupon in one movement; he in his clumsy way was helping by means of the scissors. With even more amazement he watched the knowing one as he deftly sorted out certificates marked "exemption claimed," or "exemption not claimed," "fiduciary," or "individual not resident in the United States," "tax to be paid at the source," or not to be. The Drifter marveled to see that his friend knew which kind he must have, and seemed to be not at all hesitant in making his choice. But the experience was quite enough. If a little job of coupon-clipping was so mysterious to him, the Drifter had the sense to realize that a career in high finance was not to be his.

* * * * *

HEREIN is evident the great felicity of poverty: it is simple. Life's problems, desperate as they seem at times, are nevertheless limited to a well-kept circle. A man must eat; the poorer he is, the simpler this problem and the more simple the diet. There are no perplexing choices between boned pigeon and terrapin, or even between roast beef and roast mutton. The very poor in Ireland have tea and

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potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper; their only real excitement arises when one or the other of these fails to materialize. So it is even when the dead-line of starvation is considerably farther away. A property-owner of the Drifter's acquaintance was asked what he would do if he should suddenly find himself a millionaire. "Well," he began enthusiastically, "I'd have the roof fixed ——"

* * * * *

ON the whole, the Drifter considers that imaginary money is the most pleasant to spend, and certainly the easiest to manage. It needs no bank or vault; its owner is not troubled by importunate bond salesmen or the price of United States Steel common; and its chief asset is that having been thoroughly dissipated for some bauble which has turned out to be a fraud, it can, with no pain or trouble, be spent all over again for something else. On the other hand, the Drifter, as he indicated in the beginning, sees a lure in the amassing of wealth. To make money must be great fun; to have it in quantity must be a great nuisance. The simple solution would seem to be to make it and then give it away. And in that case probably the last person to refuse a moderate share would be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Liberal Who Won

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The city of Rochester is a highly industrialized community of approximately 330,000 inhabitants It is a beneficiary in practically all of its manufactured products of the Fordney-McCumber tariff. Its Republican orthodoxy is impeccable.

City, county, congressional, and presidential tickets go through with enormous majorities listed under the emblem of the Eagle. Al Smith has been a fly in the local Republican ointment, but on November 4 even Al trailed behind a 14,300 plurality for young Teddy Roosevelt in the county. Meyer Jacobstein, Democratic Congressman with Progressive and Socialistic support, carried the Thirty-eighth District by a majority of approximately 30,000 over his Republican opponent, while Coolidge piled up in the same area a majority of about 23,000 over Davis and La Follette combined.

Why this errant Republicanism, so shameless and so enthusiastic? There are three answers to this question—the man, the city, and the issues. Visualize a slight spare man in his early forties with a rather scholarly pallor about his face, black hair, dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, an honest and utterly disarming smile that flickers on and off as the mind deals now with humorous and now with serious matters. Born of Jewish parents who had been reared in Poland, Meyer was the fifth of nine children. Throughout his course in the Rochester public schools he was a newsboy on Main Street. He left school for a time, but was led back into the channels of education by people whom he met in the work of the Boys' Club of the First Unitarian Church. The story of that Boys' Club and of the influence of Dr. W. C. Gannett, pastor of the church, upon this Jewish lad and his friends is a part of the great American epic of immigration in which the Antins, the Schurzs, the Boks, and the Pupins have written worthy sections.

The ambitions awakened in the boy by these contacts carried him far. An A.B. from Columbia, a Ph.D. in economics from the same institution, a traveling fellowship won by merit, which gave him a year in Europe; a professorship in economics in the University of North Dakota and then in the University of Rochester, then the position of labor manager in the Stein-Bloch Clothing Company—these constitute the main items of his pre-congressional career.

In Washington his service was unique. He established a Rochester office where during his absence all of his constituents, even the humblest, might bring matters to his attention. He carried on a most extensive correspondence with his constituents, consulting business men and labor leaders regardless of party about the bills with which they were concerned. His industry was indefatigable. He was an independent Democrat in the House as Borah was an independent Republican in the Senate, bringing every vote to the bar of his own conscience and judgment. Upon the adjournment of Congress he published at his own expense a report to the voters of his district, in which he recorded his position on every important measure and the reasons for it.

This independent liberal Democrat took with conservative Republican Rochester. The community liked him primarily because Rochester is an old-fashioned American city, and in Meyer Jacobstein it had an old-fashioned American for whom to vote.

Rochester, New York, November 11 JUSTIN W. NIXON,
Pastor of the Brick Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Up in Rochester, where not to be a Republican is not only a political but a social offense against good form and right thinking, the amazing has happened. A Jew, sufficiently convinced that this is not the best of all possible worlds to be called a radical by his opponents, politically a Democrat, professionally a teacher, has been reelected to Congress in the Thirty-eighth District.

Meyer Jacobstein did the impossible two years ago when running against a colorless politician-lawyer he won by the scanty but triumphant majority of 1,629 votes in a district which polls close to 90,000, the vast majority by training, tradition, belief, and apathy Republican. Jacobstein went to Washington imbued with the singular idea that a representative was supposed to represent. He opened an office at home at his own expense—he is a poor man—and there a competent secretary listened to anyone who came. Many came. No one asked them their politics or checked up on their affiliations. Jacobstein stuck to his quaint notion that part of his job was to be a link between the humblest citizen and his government. In the House this original man paid little attention to party lines. He upheld measures his intelligence told him were good, opposed others. He paid no attention to their origin.

This year he stood again for his seat. His opponent, a widely known lawyer, was presumed to have powerful backing, such as the Knights of Columbus, whose local leader he had been for two years. He made an energetic campaign, speaking sometimes as often as five times a day. He made skilful use in appealing to the conservatives and farmers of Jacobstein's known liberalism and the fact that he had the indorsement of the local La Follette Progressives. He played the "red" scare before audiences likely to be affected by it and the empty-dinner-pail-Democratic-tariff scare before crowds of factory workers. One of the great manufacturing plants refused to permit Jacobstein to address its workers within the plant at noontime, although this privilege had been extended to his opponent. Well-meaning conservative gentlemen sent letters to the press insinuating none too subtly that Jacobstein was being financed by Moscow. At the eleventh hour the tom-toms of religious prejudice were beaten loudly in a mysterious letter to thousands of "selected" voters.

And the result of it all?

Coolidge and Roosevelt swept city and county by tremendous majorities—and Meyer Jacobstein was reelected to Congress by a majority of 30,000 votes.

Rochester, New York, November 8 PAUL BENTON,
Assistant City Editor, Rochester *Times-Union*

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Business Swung the Election

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Minnesota, in Iowa, in North and South Dakota, and in other Western States there was a complete turnover of political sentiment between October 15 and November 4. That turnover was swift, silent, and secret. It was contrived and sprung upon the opposition with the force of a hidden mine, and succeeded beyond the hopes and expectations of the Republicans themselves. When La Follette called off his Western tour about the middle of October at Sioux Falls with the assertion that the West "between the Mississippi and the Rockies was aflame with Progressive sentiment" he was making no mere political gesture. Neither was so astute a politician as La Follette fooled. Everywhere there was evidence in Senator La Follette's remarkable meetings—where admissions were charged—that the voters were aroused and enthusiastic for the Progressive cause, just as there was evidence in the dull and perfunctory meetings of General Dawes that the Republican cause was languishing. Reporters from New York newspapers, making a tour of the West, brought confidential reports to State La Follette headquarters to the effect that La Follette and Wheeler had better than a fighting chance to carry eight or ten Western States. No fear was expressed at any time for Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, or Nevada; and South Dakota and Washington were thought sure for La Follette.

This revolution in political sentiment in the last two weeks of the campaign was all the more surprising when one considers that La Follette and Wheeler had a clear-cut moral issue upon which to campaign. Neither Senator allowed the voters of these Western States to forget Teapot Dome or President Coolidge's circumstantial connection with the oil scandals. Hitherto this has been just the kind of issue to which the American people have most quickly responded: common decency in government.

Obviously the Coolidge vote, therefore, was compelled—at least in those La Follette States of the West—by a sentiment powerful enough to reverse customary American psychology. Obviously the Coolidge vote was a fear-vote.

Girls in department stores were "shepherded" by lady foremen into the Republican fold. A clerk at a downtown store, the wife of a labor organizer, had to be reconverted to the La Follette cause every night following her daily inoculation with the Coolidge propaganda.

"Why, we won't have any jobs if La Follette is elected," she complained.

At State La Follette headquarters campaign managers were not unaware of this gigantic "whispering campaign" conducted against their candidates, but they were powerless to combat it. They were without newspapers. They could not get to the unorganized women workers, for here is where the seed was being sown.

One La Follette manager bitterly denounced the League of Women Voters following the election as a "disguised Republican club."

"The league," he asserted, "told the girls they must vote out of civic duty, and their employer told them how to vote."

The League of Women Voters claims credit for having secured the largest poll in the history of our country; and it is apparent that the new recruits to the Republican cause are women, and it is a matter of common knowledge that "devotees of civic righteousness" voted to indorse a party of unprecedented corruption, in order to guarantee prosperity.

This "whispering campaign" could not have been conducted without organization, but it was not by the ordinary paid workers of the Republican party. The new and novel fact about the campaign just closing is that for a period of two weeks the entire fabric of American business acted as a well-oiled political machine.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, November 7 M. H. Hedges

Judge Lindsey in Danger

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We had not only the Klan to overcome but their women, and some of my old enemies—in sympathy with the Klan, if not Klan members—resorted to the circulation of the most vicious lies that could have been invented: lies which we were in no position to combat, first, because of lack of sufficient finances, for, as you know, such expenses are enormous and far beyond my means; the salary here is only $4,000, and I had already spent over $50,000 in my various election campaigns; and, secondly, because their work was done so quietly and insidiously.

The unofficial count gives me a majority of 301, the official count is now on, and one cannot tell what change it may bring with so small a majority to go on; this official count may not be completed for a week. There are also 661 absentee votes which might easily wipe out my 300. But, no matter if I should be elected by the official count, the Klan, on behalf of their candidate, will contest the election. This would mean an enormous expense to me.

I have also this additional danger to confront: If, even after the contest, I am declared victorious, it is the Klan's purpose to get rid of me by passing a bill in the legislature (which they will control, having elected a Klan legislative ticket) abolishing the court.

We want friends of Denver's Juvenile Court to know all of this. If the Klan accomplishes its purpose, it will have done something which no other organization was ever able to accomplish. In anticipation of this, they are gloating over the national fame it will bring them.

Denver, Colorado, November 7 Ben B. Lindsey,
Judge of the Juvenile Court

Handicaps of the Progressives

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We did not say much about our handicaps while the the race was on, but now that it is over it is wise to review them, because they may all be removed before 1928, except the handicap of a big campaign fund in the hands of our enemies and the handicap of labor intimidation by big-business interests.

An organization to cope with the Republican and Democratic parties cannot be built in four or five months. I was anxious for Senator La Follette to accept a nomination in 1920 from the Chicago convention. Had he done so, with four years of the right kind of organization work, we might have carried the election this year. We would then have avoided the handicap of an independent column on the official ballots. We would have had our own party name and emblem in all the States. We would have avoided the handicap of a political movement with only two candidates in the field for public office. We would have had State, congressional, and local candidates in the field, all working with their friends for the support of the national ticket.

In many States, Progressives who are with us at heart were not willing to come to our support because they did not want to be bolters from their old party, without having a new party to join. Senator Borah's course illustrates what I mean. We would have avoided the handicap of inadequate newspaper support. Many newspaper editors who were with us at heart would not come to our support and forfeit certain political patronage and prestige without having a new party to tie up to.

We had the handicap of the radical supreme-court plank. It was one of our best planks. I wrote and spoke in its favor. But it was an unwise issue to raise. Some Catholics and some Lutherans were made to believe that the permanence of their parochial schools depended upon constitutional guaranties which they thought might be over-ridden some day by Congress Had the leaders of the Progressive movement all been gathered together in a national convention, I think they would have toned

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down the supreme-court plank, making it more like the plank in the Progressive platform of 1912.

We had the handicap of disorganization among the farmers of the Northwest. Four years ago and two years ago the activity of the Nonpartisan League in the States of the Northwest was certainly a most important if not a determining factor in the election of Senators Wheeler, Ladd, Frazier, Magnus Johnson, Shipstead, and others, as well as in the election of several progressive congressmen and governors. The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota and the Progressive Party of Idaho only partially filled the gap caused by the general breaking up of the Nonpartisan League.

Madison, Wisconsin, November 10 CHESTER C. PLATT,
Secretary, Wisconsin Nonpartisan League

Secret Balloting Openly Arrived At

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Secret balloting openly arrived at"—so one of the artists of Santa Fe aptly describes New Mexico's election methods.

Voting in most precincts of Santa Fe County took place at a schoolhouse. On one side of the school-building a window was open. Just inside, at a long table, sat the election officials; two Republicans and one Democrat in this particular county because the Republicans are in power. Outside, beneath this open window, was a table at which presided one Republican, one Democrat, and this year one representative of La Follette. A short distance away were two sets of voting booths, wholly superfluous appendages.

A voter walked up to the table, asked for a ballot, and gave his name. His name could not be found on the list of registered voters held by the mysterious persons inside the window. The man was positive he had registered. His name must have been lost in the copying of the lists. Or perhaps he was found on the Democrats' list and not on the Republicans'; again evidence of a slight error when after registration the names were copied off by the Republican officials. In either case, he could vote if two citizens swore to his eligibility, and so at last he was handed from the window, via the watcher, the coveted ballot.

With no thought of the privacy afforded by the booths he stood by the table and marked his ballot. He started to fold it but was promptly relieved of this task by one of the men at the table, who kindly did the folding for him, reading the ballot meanwhile. After creasing it so that the official inside the window could also read it easily, the watcher handed it up to the person delegated to drop it into the box inside the schoolroom. No voter deposited his own ballot. Whether or not it got into the ballot box no one knows but God and the election officials, and neither will tell.

If a voter took his ballot to a booth, he was apt to be followed by some zealous party worker who wanted to know what ticket he was voting and gained the desired information by the simple method of watching while the voter performed his civic duty. At most of the polls there was a rope wandering aimlessly from tree to tree about fifty feet from the voting booths; but that did not restrain anyone who wished to accompany a voter to his destination. In one precinct which did carefully keep idlers beyond the rope, there was no protest when instructions were called out by someone in the crowd, or when voters, after starting toward their goal, were urged back outside the rope for another heart-to-heart talk.

Of course this method of public balloting is almost a necessity where votes are freely bought for two, or three, or five dollars. How else could the party tell whether they received what they paid for? And votes were high this year, for the women demanded their rights—equal pay for equal votes. In fact, when after coming to the polls in their accustomed black shawls to cast their ballots they were sent home to get hats and return for another round of voting, they insisted on double pay.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 6 HELEN BLACK

Books

First Glance

ERNEST BOYD'S "Portraits: Real and Imaginary" (Doran: $2.50) was worth writing if Pope's "Dunciad" was. There are those who take no pleasure in the relentless poem through which the Wasp of Twickenham stung the dullards of his day almost literally to death; the dullards would have died anyhow, it is maintained, and the musty chest in which their corpses are preserved is depressing now. The same persons will be a little bothered about Mr. Boyd, for he will seem to have expended his extraordinary energy upon worthless victims—not dullards in this case so much as pretenders, persons puffed and blown by cheap literary success until their airs and antics are intolerable. What claim, it will be asked, had the denizens of the Algonquin upon the immortality which only satire can bestow? Mr. Boyd's answer to all these doubts should be that his book is justified if it is interesting. I find it interesting.

By temperament I am inclined to believe that pretenders do not matter, but I must confess to a breathless interest in Mr. Boyd the hunter of small game. He slashes through the underbrush with an absolutely unquenchable fury, darting into this recess to behead a literary lady, pausing at that dark spot to grope for the thin neck of an aesthete and strangle it, pushing on and on until he has disposed of the literary enthusiast, the press agent, the critic, the liberal, the puritan, the British lecturer, and others of their skulking kind. If in his "imaginary" portraits—photographs which for the safety of his own skin he has made by the composite process—he often develops a pedantry of zeal, being so hot after affectation that he grows unable to detect any other scent in the wind and so angry at ignorance that a harmless misquotation, as Burton Rascoe amicably points out, makes his blood boil, I forgive him in view of his vigor; I still can relish his rage. I find him not only as resentful as Pope but as innocent of ideas; I cannot gather, at least from this portion of his book, what sort of person or thing he would positively like. It was not his purpose, of course, to let me know—he was writing satire of the old-fashioned, unsparing sort. And as a matter of fact, in the section of "real" portraits he discharges loud shots of appreciation at Mencken, Nathan, Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Yeats, and James Stephens; when he comes to George William Russell (Æ) he actually is almost worshipful. Yet I turn back to those malicious pages where he has painted at full length and in burning oil the most self-conscious literary generation thus far seen in America.

Mr. Boyd's style in the long run is bad, being monotonous in the very quality which for a few pages gives it power. His explosions are too evenly spaced; eventually the impression is of a machine which rather ponderously grinds granite into uniform pieces and coughs them at a uniform rate into the face of the enemy. And he practices a trick which I consider abominable—the trick of misquotation for humorous effect. Something is rotten in the state of Greenwich Village, or the lewd forefathers of the hamlet sleep; we hear of Miltons never mute, and of a style that launched a thousand tiffs.

The comparative failure of "The Literary Spotlight" (Doran: $2.50), a collection of anonymous skits on contemporary American writers reprinted from *The Bookman*, may conceivably be attributed to its editor, John Farrar, who says in the preface that he "wanted frankness, but certainly not the bitterest truth," and who hopes that "there is in these pages as much constructive as destructive thinking." A few of the portraits are excellently complete, and the whole is a document of value; but Mr. Farrar as a patron of satire should not have been so much afraid of producing a "mean-spirited book."

MARK VAN DOREN

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Russia's Foreign Relations

The Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia. By Alfred L. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

IT seems that in relating the story of the international relations of Soviet Russia Professor Dennis the scholar and historian had to endure a hard battle with Mr. Dennis the gentleman with certain inherent prejudices. Evidence of the clash may be found throughout his book, and this evidence, moreover, shows that the historian has all too often yielded to the gentleman. In spite of apparently laborious efforts to attain fairness and historical objectivity, he falls far short of these qualities. The story has not been much "relieved by the liberal use of quotations from notes, speeches, and articles by Soviet leaders and from the official Bolshevik press." These quotations have been used not so much to illustrate the story as to emphasize the thesis which the author set out to prove: that the foreign policies of Soviet Russia have been actuated by a determination to foment trouble in the interests of world revolution and that in furthering this end the Soviet Government has freely resorted to unscrupulous revolutionary propaganda in foreign countries. To prove this point, however, the author frequently finds himself obliged to resort with an equal freedom to questionable sources. While the notes accompanying each chapter show that the author has been swimming in a veritable sea of material, it seems, however, that he was not always certain of his strokes and in such emergencies grasped at anything that could hold him afloat. A book claiming for itself historical accuracy might be expected to base itself on absolutely reliable and tested documentary material. Instead, the author bases many of his opinions and conclusions on stories in newspapers and propaganda publications which have been notoriously unfair and biased in their treatment of all news concerning Soviet Russia. Consequently his opinions and conclusions are for the most part a mere repetition of the platitudes and inaccuracies with which the average editorials dealing with Soviet Russia in the conservative press of today are teeming.

The fundamental error of the author is his dealing with the foreign policies of Soviet Russia apart from internal conditions. Indeed Mr. Dennis gives due warning in his preface that "the internal conditions . . . have been intentionally neglected," for he does not "pretend to be an expert on Russia." This statement is well borne out by such gross mistakes as declaring "the Bolsheviki" to have been "the extreme left wing of the Social Revolutionary Party" and confusing the Social Revolutionary Party with the Left Social Revolutionists on the evidence of an alleged resolution which Mr. Dennis received from what he "believe[s] is adequate authority." While these mistakes are not extremely important in themselves, they reflect on the qualifications of the author for the task he has undertaken. Perhaps one need not be an expert on Russia, but certainly one must be thoroughly familiar with the recent history of Russia and with the social, political, and economic background against which the revolution was enacted before one can deal authoritatively with Russia's foreign relations. For in the case of Soviet Russia the foreign policies have been so closely knit up with internal conditions and changes as to present a practically inseparable entity. A proper treatment of the subject would follow the revolutionary development, marking among others these principal phases and turning-points: from November 7 to Brest-Litovsk, from Brest-Litovsk to the beginning of Allied intervention and the Czecho-Slovak revolt, the period of civil war and the so-called "military communism," and finally the liquidation of the civil war and the New Economic Policy. Only in the light of the conditions accompanying each of these phases could the foreign policies of Soviet Russia be intelligently discussed. As it is, Mr. Dennis chose to discuss the foreign relations of Soviet Russia with each country or group of countries separately and independently of conditions at home. By this method Mr. Dennis perhaps succeeded in making clear his own point of view and that of the "foreign offices of several nations" in which he has been "afforded exceptional facilities . . . for the collection of the information on which this book is based." The Soviet point of view, however, either is sorely lacking or is overshaded for the sake of proving the original thesis. As a result the author has produced a picture which is out of proportion and out of balance.

Moreover, Mr. Dennis often takes great liberty with facts and sources. Thus in the case of the Hungarian Bolshevik revolution, being unable to lay this episode directly at the door of the Soviet Government, he puts undue emphasis on the alleged role played in this event by Jews—as though that was of any material importance. In fact, Mr. Dennis himself is obliged to concede that the events in Hungary were due "chiefly to the shortsighted policy of the Allies." Lenin's alleged views on the peace with Poland and the prospects of "causing" revolutions in the various countries of Europe are given on the authority of the *Ost-Information*, an organ of the Russian émigrés which served as a clearing-house for the wildest tales that could be conceived in the work of spreading anti-Soviet propaganda. Mr. Dennis avoids giving sources for such statements as that the Baltic disarmament conference which took place at Moscow in December, 1922, was called by the Soviet Government in order "to secure a reduction in armies of the Baltic League . . . to cover the decrease in Soviet forces" because of "desertion and other causes," or for his weird story about the organization of revolutions in foreign countries under the auspices of the G. P. U., or the Soviet State Political Administration, which succeeded the Cheka and is, as is well known, an organ used exclusively for domestic purposes. The very geography which Mr. Dennis employs in connection with this story is sufficient to brand it as a crude fabrication. The Soviet constitution is dismissed by the author with the unsupported sentence that "it is absolutist in its spirit and Czarist in its conception." These are only a few of the more conspicuous examples of Mr. Dennis's historical and critical method.

With all this Mr. Dennis's work will prove of considerable value to the really interested and attentive reader who will take the pains to check up the sources and make the necessary reservations. For in spite of all the efforts of the author his book shows that the conditions which have been furthering the growth of revolutionary tendencies throughout the world have never been of the making of Soviet Russia; that the foreign policies of Soviet Russia have been actuated by the interests of the Russian revolution, which it was only the logical duty for the revolutionary Government to defend against all foreign aggression, and finally that in all its relations with foreign countries there has not been a single case in which the alleged bad faith on the part of Soviet Russia has been conclusively proved—although this has been the common argument advanced by all opponents of Soviet recognition.

LEON TALMY

Making Good

Lottery. By W. E. Woodward. Harper and Brothers. $2.
The Oblate. By J. K. Huysmans. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

SUCCESS in business is not the result of luck alone. To become a Merchant Prince or a Button King a certain native capacity for assuming the credit due to accident and a perfect willingness to let others work hard are also necessary. When chance does the average man a good turn he merely marvels at his luck and supposes that it will not happen again; but native egotism comes to the rescue of the born business man and he hints so darkly at the shrewdness which created his opportunity that the timid ones are only too glad

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to do his work for him in the future. Then, if only his self-conceit can keep pace with accomplishment, he is a made man, well on the way to an honored old age and a biography in the *American Magazine* along with the others who have made good. In this land of opportunity fortunes are to be had for the asking, but only the few have gall enough to ask for them.

Such at least is the moral which it seems necessary to draw from Mr. Woodward's new and joyous novel of the Button King who marched forward in his own estimation, step by step, until he half believed the legend that from his own profound meditations on the button problem had evolved the mechanical contrivance which he acquired by a fluke from its inventor, and until he was, like his fellow-townsmen, wholly convinced that his complacent receptivity was somehow responsible for the industry of his manager and the accidents which made his fortune. Jerry Garrison, beginning merely as a young man who could say: "'Gee! I went to bed at eight o'clock last night, hit the hay with the chickens, and pounded the old pillow for twelve hours'—in such a way that you felt for a moment that a definite forward step in human progress had been made, though at the cost of great endeavor," learns as he goes along the secrets of success. He learns, for example, that the perfect willingness of clerks to pledge their savings to rescue a boss's business is the very reason that they will always be clerks, and the golden rule, "Make the other fellow do it," bursts upon him in a sort of apocalyptic vision; but the real lesson is the lesson of self-deception. When he has learned that even such cynical truths as those just mentioned should not be admitted to oneself too often, and when he has come to the point where he can say: "If I didn't believe in this button, if I didn't believe it to be a great thing for humanity: I mean a useful thing, a labor saver—Gosh! Mack, I'd throw the whole business out of the window this moment" and really believe it himself, there are no limits to his possibilities; for, as the author says, this urgent banality when it is associated with a strong sense of acquisitiveness is the key to material success.

If "Lottery" is, as it seems to me, the most amusing satire on business since "Tono-Bungay" the cause lies not only in the author's evident practical knowledge of commerce, but to an even greater extent in a jolly good humor which enables him to see the fun as well as the meanness in the life he describes. Most artists who enter imaginatively the world of affairs have a way of losing that urbanity which it would better befit them to wear, and they mingle with their scorn a bitterness which awakens in the mind of the reader the suspicion that their contempt for financial success is not unmixed with envy. Mr. Woodward takes his seat in the jovial company of Rabelais and Mark Twain rather than among the atrabilious satirists. Like Mark Twain he has what the cynical usually lack—the capacity to enjoy life—and the spectacle of his hero's rise moves in him more laughter than sneers because though intellectually he despises him he is capable, temperamentally, of enjoying this bungling and good-natured success. Life in America, he seems to say, is muddled and ridiculous; meanness becomes in time synonymous with ability and prosperity with virtue; and yet, granted the requisite robustness of spirit, this life is not unamusing to watch or even to participate in. Freed by his intellect from the market-place gods, and yet too full of exuberance merely to growl or sulk, he has been able as often as not to forget the meanness and catch the excitement of the lottery of life. He has said many bitter things, and I have quoted some of them, but the hearty exuberance of his book, not easily illustrated by quotation, will probably remain longer in the minds of most of his readers. No one could catch so well as he does the rhythm of commercial adventure without catching at the same time something of its fun, and though he would mock it unmercifully afterward I am sure that Mr. Woodward could attend a meeting of the Rotary Club on a lark and enjoy himself hugely.

"The Oblate" is, on the whole, the least interesting of the tetralogy of which "Là-Bas" is the first volume, but to those who, like the present reviewer, find the author-hero strangely fascinating, it is certainly not dull and it is the necessary conclusion to the story of that curious man in whom the most prosaic of temperaments was somehow reconciled with the most comprehensive credulity and with a passion for ecclesiastical art as intense almost as his passion for good cookery. Durtal-Huysmans is inexplicable and perhaps ridiculous, but there are few characters in fiction who so indubitably exist. He is inescapably real, and to anyone who has followed his adventures through the four volumes he is never to be forgotten.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Scholar Astray

The Contemporary Drama of Russia. By Leo Wiener. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE preface of this curious contribution to scholarship leads one to believe that here at last is a history of the Russian drama. Further, one is given to understand that this is not merely an outline of developments but also a startling revaluation of accepted values. The table of contents, in contradiction of the title, indicates that from these pages one may learn about the Russian theater from its origins to its present status under Communism. In all such expectations one is deceived, much as was Mother Hubbard's dog.

The volume is divided into two parts; the second, which is half the size of the first, being an alphabetical list of playwrights with their names meticulously accented and their dates, the titles of their plays, and the dates of the first performance and first publication of these given in due order. The text proper, which makes up the first part of the book, is in effect another catalogue of plays and playwrights, with dates and accents invariably noted, plus other statistical matter not always relevant—all arranged in a rough chronological sequence. The author is unable to sustain the discussion of any topic, whether it be the Art Theater or the theory of monodrama, without taking refuge from analysis and argument in such paragraphs as form the literature of a Who's Who. He makes another escape from the task he set himself in pages of quotations, often pointless and always inordinately long. These are mostly excerpts from Russian critiques, which Mr. Wiener stigmatizes in his preface as vitiated by partisanship. Subtract the quotations and the disjointed Who's Who, and what remains is the occasional summary of a plot, a little chronicling of theatrical events, and some pet animosities which fail to be infectious. The author's appreciation is so shallow and his power of expression so feeble that not one of the hundreds of plays he mentions assumes the semblance of a body, and not one of the playwrights is more than a tagged and dated ghost. In speaking, for example, of Sukhovo-Kobylin's "Krechinsky's Wedding," a piece which is a standby of the Russian stage, Mr. Wiener finds room to say that this play was first produced in 1855, that it was played 194 times in Moscow theaters, that it is based on a famous scandal, that it is "still a favorite play of the repertories," and that its author "had graduated from the university in philosophy"; but he gives no hint of the substance of the play.

Needless to say, the book clarifies the general trends of Russian dramaturgy and stagecraft as little as it does the work of the individual artists. With some difficulty one disengages the scheme which underlies Mr. Wiener's work. He seems to believe that the golden age of Russian drama was in the days when unpretentious realism reigned undisputed. At least he speaks with approval of the great Ostrovsky as "the photographic reproducer of national scenes." The decline commenced with the birth of the Moscow Art Theater, whose "ultra-realism" was just as disastrous as the subsequent symbolist reaction against it. Then the Bolsheviks came upon the scene

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and delivered the coup de grace. We are to understand, then, that the salvation of the Russian theater lies in a return to "the best traditions of the past," that is, to photography; "and then its virtue will not lie in pessimism raised to a cult, but in the usual incidents of everyday life." Thus the work of Chekhov, Gorki, Andreyev, Stanislavsky, Meyerhold—in short, the developments of the last twenty-five years, which constitute one of the richest chapters in the history of the European theater, are treated as a welter of whims and vagaries. In the final pages, which pretend to deal with the theater under the Bolsheviks, and which are marked at every turn by ignorance and prejudice, the author has lost a marvelous opportunity for studying the social function of the theater, just as in the previous pages he passed by all the other opportunities with which the theme bristles. Toward the end the author complains that a certain Russian playwright, Yevreinov by name, is a slippery customer who surrenders nothing but his mortal coil to his investigator. In the same fashion, alas, the subject of the Russian drama completely eludes this pursuer, leaving in his hands the dry, empty skin which with so much aplomb he offers to the world.

One more word to dispel Mr. Wiener's fearful fantasy that the source material for such a book as his purports to be has been "dispersed" by "the World War and the Bolshevik regime." Last winter I was doing research work in Russian literary history in the libraries of Moscow and Leningrad, and I can assure him that I found all the collections intact and growing.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Refugee Psychology

Leaves from a Russian Diary. By Pitirim Sorokin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

ON the top floor of a loft building in Berlin is the modest plant of a Russian daily, *The Days*. Its chief editor, Alexander Kerensky, is a slightly built man with no other apparent distinction than the ability to write for his thousand-odd readers. He will shut his eyes and scrutinize you painfully until his shortsightedness becomes embarrassingly apparent. When he rises from his chair you will note that he shuffles his feet, that his hair is closely clipped, Russian fashion, and that his extremely simple apparel creates an impression of defeat and resignation. As he speaks your pity for him will increase.

Behind his sloping back the afternoon sun was setting on the distraught republican Berlin of 1924. Kerensky, however, spoke of the Moscow of 1917, of his blamelessness in connection with the famous Order No. 1, the Korniloff affair, and the past in general, until one got an insight into that kind of mind which cannot take into its consciousness the actuality of painful events and continues to relive and revalue its once glorious past. Professor Sorokin, the former secretary of Kerensky, like Kerensky himself, suffers from the malady of exile, from the psychology peculiar to refugees.

Macaulay, speaking of the Whigs who fled to the Low Countries and there plotted the overthrow of Charles II, says:

> A politician driven into banishment by a hostile faction generally sees the society which he has quitted through a false medium. Every object is distorted and discolored by his regrets, his longings and resentments. Every little discontent appears to him to portend revolution. Every riot is a rebellion. He cannot be convinced that his country does not pine for him as much as he pines for his country. . . . The longer his expatriation the greater does this hallucination become. . . . Every month his impatience to revisit his native land increases; and every month his native land remembers and misses him less. This delusion becomes almost a madness when many exiles who suffer in the same cause herd together in a foreign country. Their chief employment is to talk about what they once were, and of what they yet may be, to goad each other into animosity against their common enemy, to feed each other with extravagant hopes of victory and revenge.

As a historical document Sorokin's book is valuable in the very limited sense that it illuminates this psychology. The story of the Russian revolution has been told and retold by others. In his book, however, we get a glimpse into the mental state of the Russian intellectual and his bitter opposition to the Soviet Government. The author's flight from his enemies, his hair-breadth escapes, his description of the bestialities of his enemies would sound much more convincing if the professor did not occasionally suffer a lapse and indulge in what lawyers call admissions against interest. When, for example, he learns that the English troops in Archangel were concentrating to overthrow the Soviet Government he undergoes hardships and Stevensonian adventures to reach the seat of counter-revolution, but finally he is compelled to surrender to the Soviet authorities. In the end he is given a post at the university, yet when the Kronstadt rebellion takes place the professor writes: "At that time my wife and I were seized with pneumonia. She went to the hospital first, and next morning, although I was suffering, I attended a private meeting of six professors, two lawyers, and two priests, with whom I discussed a plan of action in case the Government fell; plans of organization of a new government, reorganization of the courts. . . ." And while he is unsparing and unstatistical in his condemnation of orgies of blood by the Extraordinary Commission of the Soviet Government he says regretfully: "We moderates are not bloodthirsty, yet in order to prevent repetitions of these murderous uprisings we must exercise great firmness. If it is necessary to execute a few thousand ruffians in order to save millions of Russians, we must be prepared to do it. . . ."

The former Secretary of the Prime Minister of Russia saw how under the Czar and under the Lvov and Kerensky [illegible] the whole social fabric fell and disintegrated, and he pretended to long for a strong-armed dictator to bring order out of chaos. When finally the Soviet Government had established authority over the entire Russian territory the author expresses a peculiar solicitude for the Bolsheviki. He would, like the proverbial Irishman, have them killed for their own good: "If they had been killed by their enemies, they would have lived in history as martyrs who tried to establish a new order but perished before their experiment had time to prove itself. Instead, a different end is destined for them; an end of slow disintegration. Their destiny is to destroy their own ideal with their own hands, to exhibit it to the world in all its rottenness and horror. . . ." And yet Dr. Sorokin, we must assume, has studied the history of Christianity. Ever since their Princeton colleague showed such utter disregard for the cynical lessons of history, professors as statesmen seem destined merely to give proof to the Shavian bon mot that "he who cannot, teaches."

CHARLES RECHT

Books in Brief

The Judge. By Maxim Gorky. Authorized translation by Marie Zakrevsky and Barrett H. Clark. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

Gorki's judge is an old released convict acting on the belief that years of suffering have given him the right to undo a fellow-convict who had escaped early in his term and had become a respected and prosperous citizen. The new Jean Valjean is driven to suicide by the fear of exposure and the shame of not having confessed before to the woman he loves. The scene in which a vain appeal is made to the old man's human sympathy is one of tension and terror. But on the whole the play does not pan out. It has the moral didacticism of Tolstoi's dramas yet lacks their reality. Gorki's thesis is that suffering establishes no right to be vindictive. This platitude, which is an element of Gorki's social philosophy, and has special significance for a Russian, is set forth in a piece which

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is not sufficiently plausible. Contrary to the publishers' statement that this play "has not heretofore appeared in any language," it should be noted that the original, from which the English text differs in some particulars, was published in 1922 in a Petersburg miscellany under the title "The Old Man."

Under the Red Flag. By Richard Eaton. Brentano's. $2.50.

Another of those "disclosures" of lurid "intimate details of the Soviet regime" which seem rather out of date in 1924, when Moscow is full of foreign journalists, observers, business men, and adventurers, and when the intercourse between Russia and the outside world is practically free and unhampered. Mr. Eaton went to Russia as correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, which is notorious for its anti-Soviet propaganda. Mr. Eaton spent a few weeks in Russia, most of which were passed in prison. His prison experiences, even after they have been spiced with the story of his romantic attitude toward the "beautiful Simionova," "the terrible woman inquisitor" of the Cheka, have evidently not been sufficient to fill a book; so Mr. Eaton makes up with a "study" of life and conditions in Russia in all their various aspects. One can only marvel at the meager preparation which individuals with Mr. Eaton's snobbish outlook on the world need before they set out to give their "studies" to the public.

Figures in Modern Literature. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

This volume, reprinted for the most part from the *London Mercury*, is a fair example of the work of the younger British writers who have rallied around that publication since its foundation in 1919. Mr. Priestley's table of contents is not at all conventional. He treats Arnold Bennett, De la Mare, Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, Santayana, and the *Mercury's* versatile editor, J. C. Squire. Mr. Priestley is a good appreciator. He finds the best things he can in his subjects, and then describes them to the best of his ability, which is sometimes very good indeed. His literary enthusiasm is often the only congruous and unifying element in his work.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

The God of Stumps

IN this age of intellectualized art there is an inevitable but unfortunate tendency to assume of Eugene O'Neill, as of every other arresting artist, that his greatness must lie somehow in the greatness or in the clarity of his thought; to seek in "All God's Chillun" some solution of the problem of race or in the "Hairy Ape" some attitude toward society; and then, not finding them, to fail in the fullest appreciation of the greatness which is his. It was not thought which drove him, as a young man, to seek adventure among the roughest men he could find, and it was not thought which he brought back from this and other experiments in life. Something tempestuous in his nature made him a brother of tempesta, and he has sought wherever he could find them the fiercest passions, less anxious to clarify their causes for the benefit of those who love peace than eager to share them, and happy if he could only be exultantly a part of their destructive fury. It is a strange taste, this, to wish to be perpetually racked and tortured, to proceed from violence to violence, and to make of human torture not so much the occasion of other things as the *raison d'être* of drama; but such is his temperament. The meaning and unity of his work lies not in any controlling intellectual idea and certainly not in a "message," but merely in the fact that each play is an experience of extraordinary intensity.

Young-man-like, O'Neill first assumed that the fiercest passions were to be found where the outward circumstances of life were wildest and most uncontrolled. He sought among men of the sea, ignorant of convention and wholly without inhibitions, powerful appetites and bare tragedies, embodying his observations in the group of little plays now performed for the first time as a whole (and performed well) at the Provincetown Theater under the title of "S. S. Glencairn"; but maturity has taught him the paradox that where there is most smoke there is not necessarily most fire. He has learned that souls confined in a nut-shell may yet be lords of infinite space; that spirits cabined and confined by very virtue of the fact that they have no outlet explode finally with the greatest spiritual violence. As though to signalize the discovery of this truth he has, in his latest play, "Desire Under the Elms" (Greenwich Village Theater), limited the horizon of his characters, physically and spiritually, to the tiny New England farm upon which the action passes, and has made their intensity spring from the limitations of their experience. Whether he or Robert Edmond Jones conceived the idea of setting the stage with a single permanent scene showing one end of the farmhouse, and of removing sections of the wall when it becomes necessary to expose one or more of the rooms inside, I do not know; but this method of staging is admirably calculated to draw attention to the controlling circumstances of the play. It is a story of human relationships become intolerably tense because intolerably close and limited, of the possessive instinct grown inhumanly powerful because the opportunities for its gratification are so small, and of physical passion terribly destructive in the end because so long restrained by the sense of sin. To its young hero the stony farm is all the wealth of the world, the young wife of his father all the lust of the flesh. In that tiny corner each character finds enough to stimulate passions which fill, for him, the universe.

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single object which has absorbed his life. Two of his sons, rebelling against the hopelessness of their life, leave him for the gold-fields; the third, who remains with him in dogged determination to inherit the farm, he hates; and so he marries once more in the hope of begetting in his old age a son to whom, as part of himself, he can leave his property without ceasing to own it. But he has reckoned without considering the possessive instinct of the wife herself, and so between the three, and in an atmosphere charged with hate, is fought out the three-cornered battle for what has come to be the symbol of earthly possessions. Love springs up between the wife and her foster son, but in such a battle the directest win, and love, confusing the aims of these two, dooms them to tragedy, while to the old man is left the barrenness of lonely triumph. Unlike the others, he has a god, the hard God who hates the easy gold of California or the easy crops of the West, the God who loves stumps and stones and looks with His stern favor upon such as wring a dour life without softness and without love from a soil barren like their souls. And this God comforts him: "I am hard," he says, when he learns that the baby, murdered by its mother, is not his but his son's: "I am a hard man and I am alone—but so is God."

It may with some show of reason be objected that O'Neill's plays are too crowded with incident, that the imagination of the spectator refuses sometimes to leap with the author so quickly from tense moment to tense moment, or to accept violence piled so unremittingly upon violence, and his latest play is not wholly closed to such objection; but impetuosity is an essential part of his nature and not likely ever to be subdued. To those who, like the present writer, can overlook it, it brings great compensation. "Desire Under the Elms" will be, with one exception, the most moving play seen during the current season. It is competently acted and Mary Morris and Walter Huston deserve special mention. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Russia's Industrial Progress

By LEON TALMY

THE Soviet fiscal year recently ended (September 30) was marked with a series of ups and downs. The economic organization of the country underwent severe trials during which the soundness and vitality of the industrial policy inaugurated by the Soviet Government was put to a serious test. At the beginning of the year the country went through a crisis which resulted in overproduction owing to the low demand for manufactured products. The main cause of this crisis lay in the problem of the "shears," as it was graphically described by Trotzky. The prices for manufactured articles were disproportionately high as compared with the prices for agricultural products. Consequently the peasant population refrained from buying. The task before the Soviet economic organization was to achieve a decrease in the prices for industrial products and a corresponding raise in the returns for the products of agriculture, so as to "close the shears" and stabilize the normal course of the internal exchange of commodities. This could be brought about by diminishing considerably the overhead expenses of production and, at the same time, expanding the market for agricultural products.

To what extent this task has been achieved is shown by the conditions which were reported at the end of the year. In his report made before the plenary session of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party on October 25, L. B. Kamenev pointed out that, according to the data of the Supreme Council of Public Economy and the State Planning Commission, the production of all industries increased in value over the preceding year by 350,000,000 gold rubles. But, while with the lower output of the previous year the industries had been suffering from overproduction, the increased output in the present year has proved insufficient to satisfy the actual demand for manufactured products. Especially has this been manifest in the case of the textile industry, where by the increased production during this year the output has been brought up to 63 per cent of the pre-war standard.

The output of the industries for which data are available at the Central Statistical Department of the Supreme Council of Public Economy, embracing about 80 per cent of the total production, has amounted to 1,484,000,000 rubles in pre-war prices. This is an increase of about 80 per cent over the output during the preceding fiscal year 1922-1923. The industries, however, have been hampered in their growth to a great extent by the lack of working capital. One of the greatest needs of the industries in Soviet Russia is the rehabilitation of equipment which was badly worn down during the years of civil war. According to calculations made in the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn* of October 1, the total need of the industries during the next few years in capital for reequipment and for the organization of new branches of production is figured at 1,000,000,000 gold rubles.

Progress was made in the coal-mining industry and in the oil industry. In the Donetz basin the amount of coal mined reached 540,000,000 poods, which is about 100,000,000 poods more than the original mining program for the year. The oil industry yielded about 360,000,000 poods, which is 48,000,000 more than in the preceding year. The output of the oil industry has been brought to within 75 per cent of the pre-war level. Yet the significance of this progress is reduced to a certain extent by the slower growth of the heavy industries which are the chief consumers of fuel.

The problem of expanding the market for the agricultural production of the Soviet Union was dealt with in conjunction with the problem of reestablishing the foreign trade of the country. In the fiscal year 1922-1923 the exports totaled 133,200,000 rubles, and the imports 147,000,000 rubles in pre-war prices. A significant detail of the imports is the change in their nature. In the year 1922-1923 food products made up 48 per cent of the imports; in 1923-1924 only 10 per cent. The bulk of the imports during the last year consisted of machinery and raw materials.

The favorable balance which was shown in the foreign trade turnover contributed materially to the success of the monetary reform which was effected during this year and is considered as the greatest economic achievement on the road toward the complete rehabilitation of the economic organism of the country. As a result of this reform the Soviet Union received a stable currency based on the chervonetz. By successive degrees the old depreciated paper money was taken out of circulation and the issue of the new currency was made only against strong security. The financial resources of the country have been steadily growing, as shown by the increase of money in circulation. In December, 1923, the total amount of currency in circulation was 303,000,000 rubles. By the end of September this amount increased to about 650,000,000 rubles.

Owing to growing financial stability the Soviet Government was enabled to limit the issue of currency for budget purposes. The new budget, as announced for the year 1924-1925, is balanced without the issue of currency. The budget, which totals 2,091,648,000 rubles, which is 10 per cent higher than last year, is balanced with a deficit of 80,000,000 rubles, which will be covered by the issue of silver and copper currency. Thus the budget is balanced, in fact, without a deficit for the first time since the war.

A serious setback in the economic reconstruction was the partial crop failure. Besides diminishing the material resources of the Union it required the increase of budget expenditures by 48,000,000 rubles to be used for relief in the stricken districts. The flood in Leningrad will also require the expenditure of an extra 12,000,000 rubles. However, the ultimate effects of the crop failure turned out to be much less disastrous than had been anticipated. According to the report of the Commissariat of Agriculture at the recent session of the Central Executive Committee, the total crop yield will amount to over 2,600,000,000 poods, which is 9 per cent less than the preceding year. This yield, together with the reserves on hand, will not only be sufficient to satisfy the home needs but it will leave a surplus of about 100,000,000 poods for export purposes.

These are, in general outline, the economic facts with which the Soviet Union is entering the eighth year of its existence. In Kamenev's report, referred to above, the situation is summed up as follows:

> We are moving forward. The rehabilitation of the industries, and consequently the strengthening of the socialist elements of our economy, has progressed. In the field

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of agriculture the crop failure retarded but did not check the growth of the prosperity of the peasant population and the expanding of the market for industries. The issue of money has been stopped. The monetary reform is on a firm foundation. We may well look hopefully forward.

Lenin the Man

By MAXIM GORKI

(The following passages are from a series of reminiscences of Lenin published in the Neue Rundschau *(Berlin) for August, 1924.)*

TO me Lenin is not only the wonderfully complete incarnation of a will set upon a goal which no man before had dared to set himself; he is one of those great figures, one of those tremendous, half-legendary men who crop up from time to time in Russian history, always unexpectedly, like Peter the Great, Michael Lomonosoff, Leo Tolstoi, and others. I believe that such men are possible only in Russia—the country whose history and manner of living always remind me of Sodom and Gomorrah.

To me Lenin is the hero of a legend, a man who had torn the burning heart out of his breast in order to light up for mankind the path which shall lead it out of the shameful chaos of the present, out of the rotting bog of stupid current politics. . . .

His hero-character has almost no outward adornment. His heroism is of a type not rare in Russia—the modest, ascetic martyrdom of an honorable, intellectual revolutionary who honestly believes in the possibility of justice on earth; the heroism of a man who has renounced all the pleasures of life to do hard work for the happiness of mankind.

One evening in Moscow when J. Dobrowein was playing Beethoven sonatas in Mme E. Peschkoff's home, Lenin said: "I know nothing more beautiful than the Appassionata; I could hear it every day. It is wonderful, superhuman music. I always think, perhaps with a naive childish pleasure: what marvels men create!"

And, blinking, with a joyless smile, he added: "But—often I cannot listen to music; it affects my nerves; I want to talk nonsense and pat men on the head because, living in a dirty hell, they create such beauty. Today one does not dare pat men on the head—they would bite one's hand—one must hit them on the head, strike them without mercy, although ideally we are opposed to all use of force. Hm, hm—a devilishly hard job."

The task of an honorable leader of his people is superhumanly difficult. One cannot conceive a leader who is not to some degree a tyrant. Probably more men were killed under Lenin than under Wat Tyler, Thomas Münzer, or Garibaldi. But the opposition to the revolution at whose head Lenin stood was also broader and mightier. One must recall too that with the onward march of "civilization" men's lives have become cheaper; the perfection of the technique of destroying men and the taste for that process in modern Europe prove it beyond a doubt. . . . Ask your conscience: Is the chatter of those "moralists" who talk of the bloodthirstiness of the Russian revolutionaries, after they themselves through four long years of the World War had not only had no sympathy for millions of men who were driven to the shambles, but had actually preached war "to the bitter end"—say, is their chatter fitting here? Is it not rather out of place? All the civilized nations are beaten, exhausted; they are slipping toward savagery, and only human stupidity has conquered—its harsh bonds are choking us still. . . .

In the hungry year of 1919 Lenin was ashamed to use the food which comrades, soldiers, and peasants sent him from the provinces. When these love-gifts were brought to his uncomfortable home he frowned, was distressed, and hastened to distribute the flour, sugar, and butter to sick and undernourished comrades. Once he invited me to dinner, and remarked: "I will give you smoked fish—they sent it to me from Astrakhan." He rumpled his Socratic brow, looked aside with his all-seeing eyes, and said: "They send it to me, as to a great man. How can one stop them? If one refuses the gift it offends them. And all about people are hungry. It is stupid. . . ."

He himself was very modest in his demands, took neither wine nor tobacco, and was burdened with heavy work from morning till evening; he did not know how to look out for himself, although he carefully watched the life of his comrades. His interest for them was a tender care, such as is usual only in women. Every free moment he gave to others, without seeking rest for himself.

One evening he was sitting at his desk, writing hurriedly, and, without lifting his pen from the paper, he said: "Good day, how are you? I'll be ready in a moment. . . . There's a comrade in the province who is getting discouraged. He's tired. We've got to cheer him up. Morale is important."

On the desk lay a copy of Tolstoi's "War and Peace." "Yes, Tolstoi! I wanted to reread the hunting scene, but then I remembered that I had to write the comrade. I never get around to reading. I never read your book on Tolstoi until last night. . . ."

Smiling, wrinkling his eyes, he stretched out in his armchair and added in a softer voice: "What a colossus, wasn't he? What an old giant! Yes, friend, there's an artist for you! And do you know what is wonderful about him? His peasant voice, his peasant mind—there was a real peasant in him. Until that count began writing there was no real peasant in literature—not a one." Then he looked at me with his little Asiatic eyes and asked: "Who is there in Europe to compare with him?" and himself answered "None!" And, like a cat in the sun, he rubbed his hands and laughed contentedly.

I often noticed in him that pride in Russia, in the Russians, in Russian art. Often this trait seemed strange and even naive, but later I recognized in it the echo of a deep, joyful love of his people. . . .

I know no other man who, like Lenin, the superior of other men, could so resist the temptations of pride and had so warm an interest in "little people."

In Russia, a country where the necessity of suffering is preached as a universal prescription for the salvation of the soul, I know no one who so profoundly hated and despised the unhappiness, the misery, and suffering of mankind. This feeling, this hate of the dramas and tragedies of life raises Vladimir Lenin particularly high in my eyes—this man of iron in a land where the most ingenious gospels have been written to exalt and honor suffering, where the youth begin to live their lives according to books which do nothing but describe the monotonous details of daily life. Russian literature is the most pessimistic literature of Europe; all our books are written upon the same subject—how we suffer in youth and in maturity from stupidity, from the oppression of absolutism, from women, from our family love, from the inadequate arrangement of the world; in old age from recognition of our mistakes, from loss of teeth and bad digestion; finally, from the necessity of death. . . .

Perhaps Lenin conceived the drama of existence too simply and thought it easy to combat, as easy as it would be to do away with the dirt and disorder of Russian life. Well, be it so! I rate high in him just that feeling of irreconcilable and unquenchable hostility to human misery, his firm belief that misery is not the necessary basis of existence but rather something detestable which man must and can repel. I would call this characteristic his optimistic joy in battle, and it was no true Russian character. . . .

I marveled at his superhuman capacity for work. His fiery zeal was native to him; it was not the selfish pride of a gambler, but an extraordinary freshness of spirit, which only a man could have who believed absolutely in his task, who felt himself profoundly and closely a part of the world,

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and who knew his role in the chaos of the world from the ground up—the role of an enemy of that chaos.

He could with equal enthusiasm play chess, study a history of costumes, argue with a comrade for hours, fish, walk across the rocks of Capri glowing in the sun, rejoice in the golden flowers and in the brown fisher-boys. In the evening, when he listened to stories of village life in Russia, he would sigh enviously: "I know Russia very little. Simbirsk, Kazan, St. Petersburg, and places where I was sent—that is almost all."

He loved a joke, and laughed with his whole body, as if he dived into a laugh, often laughing until he cried. He could give the most various colors to his short, characteristic "Hm, hm"—from biting irony to cautious doubt, and often there rang in it such a humor as is possible only in a keen man who knows the devilish absurdity of life.

Of a solid, thick-set body, with the skull of a Socrates and the all-seeing eyes of a very wise man, he often took on a strange and rather ludicrous posture: bending his head back and toward his shoulder, he would tuck his fingers in the sleeve-holes of his vest. There was something rather lovable and comic in that pose, something that reminded one of a victorious rooster, and at such moments he beamed joy. . . .

His movements were light and easy, and his rare but strong gestures fitted perfectly with his manner of speaking, sparing of words, but rich in thought. In his Mongolian face there burned and played the sharp eyes of a hunter who tirelessly chases the lies and misery of life; they burned now flickeringly, now ironically laughing, now angrily blazing. The gleam of those eyes made his speaking amazingly clear. Often it seemed as if the tireless energy of his spirit hurled sparks from those eyes, as if his words, filled with that energy, burned in the air. His speaking had a positively physical sense of irrefutable truth, and even when I could not accept it I always felt its force. . . .

Men thirst, if they thirst at all, not for a fundamental change in their social habits, but only for more of the same. The cry of man is: "Do not prevent our living as we have always lived." Vladimir Lenin was a man who as no one before him understood how to keep men from living their usual life.

Whether Lenin called forth more love or more hate I do not know. The hate men bear him stands naked and evident; its tracks are plain as the blue marks of the plague. Yet I fear that the love which many bear him is nothing more than the dim faith of miserable and desperate men in the miracle-maker; that it is a love which expects wonders, but would itself do nothing to realize its own strength in an existence which is almost numbed by miseries caused by the avarice of some and the vast stupidity of others. . . .

And if the clouds of hate, the clouds of lies and calumny, which surround his name were heavier still it would not matter; no power on earth can dim the light of the torch which Lenin raised in the dark gloom of this world astray. There has been no man who so much as he has really earned an "eternal memory."

Vladimir Lenin is dead. The heirs of his mind and of his will still live. In the end, despite everything, whatever a man creates that is true and honorable lives; that conquers without which there would be no men.

The Agricultural Offensive

AMONG the most important of the activities of the Soviet Government is that of the agrarian rehabilitation of Russia. It has been forced to face a situation on the agricultural front which is the result not only of the ravages of international and civil war but of the inheritance of an inefficient and primitive peasantry which had been kept in ignorance throughout the regime of the czars.

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Prominent in the educational campaign to combat the lack of scientific knowledge of farming is the Society for Technical Aid of the United States and Canada. This society says of its work:

The aim is to organize agricultural and industrial units equipped with modern machinery and sufficient funds and to send these groups to Russia to establish modern farming communities. Twenty-five such groups have been sent to Russia by the society, with a capital in cash and machinery and accessory implements amounting to $3,000,000. Most of these groups have settled in southeastern Russia. They met conditions there which called for the roughest kind of pioneer work, but so well did they cope with the hardships that their work has produced encouraging results.

Recent reports from Russia state that in one Don basin commune, where the drought had ruined other crops, the number of poods per dessiatin for the commune and for the average peasant farm compare as follows (a pood equals 36 pounds, a dessiatin 2½ acres):

	Commune	*Peasant Farm*
Rye	53 poods	4.1 poods
Winter wheat	92.5 poods	4.7 poods
Spring wheat	40.6 poods	4.6 poods
Barley	15 poods	7.7 poods

Other Don communes have produced results averaging more than twice those of the peasants. Similar conditions prevail in the Tambov region and in other localities where the American communes are operating.

The communes of American-trained Russian farmers are functioning as model agricultural units. They furnish information to their more primitive neighbors. They demonstrate the use of modern agricultural machinery, implements, and accessories which they have brought with them.

Aside from the essential agricultural aspect, the American communes are engaged also in various auxiliary activities. Each commune has established its blacksmith, carpentry, and repair shops, in addition to the shops established according to the needs of the particular localities, such as textile, shoe, and tailoring establishments. A lively economic interchange is thereby established between the communes and the peasants, who for the first time are brought in contact with modern artisanship which they are eager to assimilate and adopt. In addition, some of the communes have built electrical power stations in rural districts where electricity was little known, and have supplied electricity to the neighboring villages.

From the tendencies prevailing it appears that organized reemigration to Russia will soon assume large proportions, and the central bureau has been improving its facilities for increased activities in the future.

Contributors to This Issue

MARY ROSS is an associate editor of the *Survey* who has devoted special attention to the subject of public health.

LOUIS FISCHER is a correspondent of *The Nation* in Russia.

RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL is on her way back to America after residence in the Kuzbas colony since its beginning.

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Masses* and of the *Liberator*, is now living in Europe.

JESSICA SMITH has just returned to this country after nearly three years in Russia, where she was engaged in famine relief and other work.

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IN honor of the Seventh Anniversary of the formation of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, this space is respectfully dedicated by

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Autonomous Industrial Colony
KUZBAS
(An organization operating mines, chemical and coke plants, and a machine farm at Kemerovo, Siberia, with American and Russian skill and labor.)

The following cable was received by the New York office on November 14, from Moscow:
"RESULT INVESTIGATION OUR ACTIVITIES S. T. O. (Council of Labor and Defense) DECIDED TURN OVER TO KUZBAS ALL SOUTH REGION KUZNETZ BASIN INCLUDING KOLCHUGINA AND PROKOPEVSKY MINES AND GURIEV METALLURGICAL PLANT."

Kuznetsky Basin Is the Pennsylvania of Siberia

Russian Offices—Volkhonka 9, Moscow.
Yadrinitskaya 28, Novo Nikolaevsk.
New York —Kuzbas, Room 402, 799 Broadway.

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